McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXVI — SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1889. — NUMBER 25

McKean County Miner.

[illegible] PROPRIETOR.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[illegible] Mail leaves at 12:15 p.

[illegible] Mail leaves at 10:45 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

CLARA WILSON, P. M.

Secret Directory.

F. & A. M.

[illegible] Lodge, No. 282, F. & A. M., meets every [illegible] and Fourth, West ends of each [illegible] at Masonic Hall.

F. H. FOSTER, W. M.

A. O. U. W.

[illegible] Lodge, No. 182, meets every [illegible] at A. O. U. W. Hall, Bucktail Block.

WILLIS GOODELL, M. W.

[illegible] GORDON, Recorder.

K. of P.

[illegible] and third Wednesday evenings [illegible]

[illegible] Rowland, Chancellor.

[illegible], Secretary.

G. A. R.

[illegible] Monday evening at 7:30 in Rank-[illegible]

L. S. KINNEAR, Com.

W. C. T. U.

[illegible] every alternate Friday afternoon, at [illegible] Headquarters.

MRS. A. SCULL, Pres't.

[illegible] RICHMOND, Sec'y.

Y. W. C. T. U.

[illegible] Friday evening, at 7:30, in Temperance Headquarters.

MISS W. P. RUSSELL, Pres.

[illegible] BUTTERWORTH, Sec'y.

Knights of St. Martin and the Iron Cross.

[illegible] Rochon Hall on first and third Thursdays of the month at 7 p. m.

DWIGHT WILKINS, K. K. C.

[illegible] HARRIS, Keeper of Seals.

[illegible] Commissioner, Warden.

Smethport Encampment, No. 273, I. O. O. F.

[illegible] the First and Third Wednesdays in each month in Rochon Hall.

[illegible] A. STEBBINS, Chief Patriarch.

[illegible] SCOTT, Scribe.

Churches.

[illegible] T. W. HANDLER, pastor. Preaching [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath [illegible] immediately after morning services. Class Meeting at 12:00 m. on Sunday. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. S. S. [illegible] a meeting Friday evening at 7 o'clock. [illegible] Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Baptist. Rev. W. H. WILLIAMS, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school [illegible] after morning services. Prayer meeting [illegible] Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Covenant meeting [illegible] Saturday before the first Sunday in every month. Lord's Supper every two months. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—J. HERON MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every alternate Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. [illegible] and every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. [illegible] Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. [illegible] Rector.

M. E. Church.—Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. J. HERON MCCANDLESS, Rector. Preaching every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. Bible Class every Friday at 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets on the first Tuesday in each month.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—V. J. GALLAGHER, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. on every alternate Sunday. Vespers at 3 p. m. on Sunday School at 2 p. m. on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Glenhazel.

[illegible] Church.—Rev. [illegible], pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30, sabbath [illegible] immediately following. Preaching every Sunday [illegible] at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at [illegible] o'clock.

[illegible] Church.—[illegible], pastor. Preaching [illegible] Sunday morning at 10:30, sabbath [illegible] immediately following. Preaching every Sunday [illegible] at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at [illegible] o'clock.

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July 12, '87.

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TO BE CALLED FOR

By F. W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

I do not know why I should keep this story to myself—to myself and second self, more correctly speaking—any longer. There is nigh upon a score of years between the time of happening and now, and all the harm the telling of it might have done is dead and gone as Uncle Samuel is. But to begin at the beginning—which is ship shape and suits me, being an orderly man always.

My Uncle Samuel was my guardian, my father and uncle rolled into one, and took care of me after my own father was drowned. My mother was Uncle Samuel's sister, and became his housekeeper after father's death, attended to her brother's business when he was out at sea, put up with all his bad tempers when he was on shore and was "a perfect slave to the old brute," it was said in Deal; though my mother was only a hard working woman, and Sam Nangle was not exactly a brute. However, my mother did not live to see her brother at his worst—that was in the latter years of his life, when he lost the proper use of his limbs and had to creep about the house, clinging to the walls and furniture, or to toddle down the street with a couple of crutches which would always go very wide apart, and which he was never able to use with any fair amount of grace. At this period of his career Samuel Nangle was certainly trying, and no one was more certain of that than myself, his nephew—Martin Townsend, at your service. The most trying time was when I was about five-and-twenty years of age, and mother had been dead fifteen out of them. Then he was a trouble to most folks who had anything to do with him, to me in particular, to whom the care of the Flying Fish inn, and of the Flying Fish steam tug, and of my uncle, the proprietor of both these flying fish, had come by way of natural sequence, as the saying is.

"Not that you're going to have my little tug when I'm dead and gone, Martin," my uncle would say; "they're both too good for you, and I haven't slaved and toiled and moiled all these blessed years to fatten a lazy hunk like you. Don't expect anything at my death, or you'll be more out of your reckoning than you have ever been in your life. You've been too pig headed, too stuck up, too flattened silly to please me, and you must take the consequences. And I hope before you die, Martin, and when you find yourself in the workhouse, that you'll be sorry you didn't treat me better when you had somebody to see after you and keep a house over your soft head. There, get out." And I got out accordingly, and left him to his own company in the little room at the back of the bar, where nobody came now to smoke a pipe or drink a glass of grog with him, my uncle having insulted everybody all round long ago and lost [illegible] and spend money and get drunk in his back parlor to be told they were fools and asses, and circumstances on the face of the earth, and gibbering, slobbering idiots, who knew no more about Deal or ships or the sea than his spittoon there.

It was Uncle Samuel's idea—and I am rather despised to think that all uncles have a weakness this way—that no one knew anything save himself, that no one had ever done anything that was worth mentioning except himself, that no one had ever been so wise, so careful, so far seeing, so lucky, so plucky as he, and it was his great affliction now that, though everybody knew this as well as he did, there was no one to say it to his face like a man, or give him any credit for it. He knew everything, but he sat in his big chair by the fire and cursed human nature for all that, and when tired of cursing human nature in the abstract he would set to work cursing me.

Well, yes, a dreadful man in many ways, I own it. There was not much discussing of it in Deal, though I did my best to keep the old man's name sweet in Edge street, where he lived.

"Why you don't cut and run from him I can't make out," was said to me by way of sage advice. "The way you're treated, too. It's abominable."

But I could not cut and run from so helpless an old man. He was so terrible alone, and my mother's brother, too, who had taken care of me when father went to the bottom of the sea. My uncle told me about twice a day I was stopping for what I could get—what would come to me after he was gone, but he had already warned me there would be nothing for my share, and I knew that lawyers had been sent for and his will made long ago, and I was out of it. Uncle Samuel had one virtue—he was always charmingly frank—"infernally rude," some people said—and he led me distinctly to understand that I was "out of it," for many reasons he was not going to explain to a jabbering parrot like me who would go and tell all Deal half an hour after I had heard them. Sometimes I fancied that he wanted me to get away, though what he would have done without me, heaven knows, I do not. But then I am a little conceited, like my uncle. He always said I was stuck up, and if so, it was in the family.

Whether Uncle Samuel was rich or poor was a matter of grave speculation to me, and more than me. It was generally considered that he was a rich man—that he must have made a lot of money, and have a sure long stocking somewhere. If the Flying Fish inn had not been a profitable speculation the Flying Fish tug had been, and he in the days of his health and strength had certainly been a shrewd fellow, and not overburdened in any way by principles. He had had his trials, certainly—he had even been tried for smuggling—but the tug had brought him in considerable profits and he was invariably so early at a wreck that there were a few evil minded folk to fancy that he must have arranged the wreck beforehand, which, of course, was not always possible. And he had never been afraid of work—downright hard, awful work, in the face of the storm and of the death which the storm threatened, and Dare Devil Sam had been his nickname in the town for years before his dare devilship stumped about the streets on crutches.

I remember the last winter I spent with my uncle very well; it was a memorable season, and his manners were memorable season, and his manners were peculiar, even for him. He was getting worse and worse, they said in Edge street; the neighbors were not safe from scoffs and taunts when they passed him in the street, and the little children shrieked at sight of him and ran away, though their big brothers made up for this by throwing stones. In the corner of the bar parlor he was only bearable when fast asleep, or after his fourteenth glass of grog, when he would become boastful of his past exploits, or maudlin over the helplessness which hindered him from repeating them. Even in his miserable old age he seemed to love the sea, and to be more keen and clear in his faculties when he could hear it roaring and breaking on the beach, with the wind shrieking like a woman. One winter's night, when the elements were going it in real earnest, he sat huddled in his big chair, with his legs on a footstool and a warm rug round him, listening with grave satisfaction to the storm.

"Had I been as young as you are I would have been out in this," he said to me; "I wouldn't have been hulking here scouring pewter pots."

I had done my scouring long ago, but it was his neat way of putting it.

"It's a toughish night," I said, not caring to aggravate him by any defense, now that he was a little pleasant in his manner.

"I should have had steam up in the Flying Fish and gone. That's where the pull is, for the ships are sure to go to pieces or run ashore on a night like this, as sure as thunder and lightning, death and the devil, boy."

"Yes, exactly," I said, "and you were never afraid of danger."

"Afraid!" he roared forth. "I was never afraid of anything, you fool, you! I never stopped at anything or let anything stop me; when I wanted I tend always. If they said I shouldn't have it I took it for myself."

"If who said?"

"What's that to you? And I've got pretty warm and comfortable now"——

I ventured to supply a word.

"And happy?"

"No, you wretched, limp, underdone, hairdresser of a man—not happy. Who could be happy with a blazing pair of legs like these, and with"——

Then he was silent suddenly, and I mixed him another glass of rum and water at a peculiar sign he was accustomed to make with one hand and one eye, and which meant rum and water, hot, with a slice of lemon in it. He did not say any more. He became strangely silent for him; for, when he had not me to talk to, he would talk to himself for hours—talk himself to sleep, and then go on muttering in his dreams in a rare, busy fashion. But that night he grew suddenly still and quiet, and stared before him strangely at a Grace Darling picture on the opposite wall, and continued to stare after I had left him to attend to a customer in the shop, who was a little impatient, and slept tapping so persistently with a piece of money on the pewter covered counter that I had quite made up my mind to sauce him for his hurry. But it was not a "him."

When I had reached the shop, which was down a long passage and a good distance from the parlor, between which and the shop there were more rooms than one, the Flying Fish inn being a rambling old place, I discovered my customer to be a female, a young female and a pretty one, too, for all her pale face and big, blue, staring eyes. I did not know her for one of my neighbors—for any one in Deal, where I knew every one by sight; and I was sure she was a foreigner before she spoke a word. Her dress was very dark, but it was peculiar; her hair was very light, her hat, or bonnet, seemed rather of a queer shape, and there were two funny little crystal crosses in her ears.

"What can I get you, lady?" I asked at last, as she continued to look at me—to regard me in my turn in the light of a curiosity.

Then she spoke in English, but with a [illegible]

"You cannot be the man," she said, wondering—"you are younger, taller, different altogether. You do not answer the description; you"——

"What man do you want?"

"I wish to see Mr. Samuel Nangle, of the Flying Fish," she answered.

"This is the Flying Fish, and Mr. Nangle is my uncle."

"Is he alive?"

"O, yes."

"And well?"

"Not well. He has not been well and strong for years; but then he is very old."

"Yes, I know."

I was surprised at the extent of her knowledge, but waited for her to inform me of the object of her visit.

"Is he indoors?"

"Yes."

"Can I see him?"

"Ye—es, I think so." I said hesitatingly, "although it's late in the evening and he is not particularly nice to visitors as a rule."

"He expects me."

"My — my Uncle Samuel — expects you?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, he has been expecting me for some time," was the quiet explanation proffered, "for days, months, years, I dare say. He has been always certain I should come. Why, it was as sure I should call some day as that the sun will rise to-morrow."

For the first time she smiled, and I liked the look of her when she smiled.

"I'll tell my uncle you have come, then," I said.

"Thank you: do."

"Who—who shall I say has called?"

"Bertha Keefeland. He will know the name."

"Indeed!"

"Has he never spoken of it to you?"

"Never."

"That's strange," she remarked. "Has he altered very much of late years?"

"Yes, very much."

"People do. Well, tell him I have come, young man."

I was proceeding in a wondering, dreamlike fashion toward the long, dark passage again, when she called and said:

"Is his memory as good as it used to be? Old people forget; my father did, sadly—very sadly."

For the first time she smiled.

Her face shadowed at some reminiscence, and I said:

"I think his memory's pretty good for most things."

"Still, he may have forgotten," was the thoughtful comment here; "the name may have even passed away altogether from his recollection. He never speaks of me, you say?"

"He does not."

"Perhaps it will be as well to say Casper Keefeland's daughter."

"I'll make a point of doing so."

"And if he's too old, or too ill to see me, I will not worry him," she continued. "Only tell him to let me have the sandal wood box which was left here to be called for."

"To be called for?"

"Yes. Which my father left with him—which he told him I should fetch some day."

"Oh! did he?" I said, completely bewildered now, and wondering at all this and what it meant and what was to follow. I was borne down by grim forebodings, which closed thick and fast about me as I shambled my way along the dark passage to the inn parlor.

CHAPTER II.

Uncle Samuel Nangle was sitting very much in the same position as I had left him, only he had dropped his rum and water from his hands and the glass lay shattered into a hundred pieces on the floor. He was still staring at the picture portraying Grace Darling's heroism, or as a something beyond the picture, very far away, indeed, and which troubled him that night. I should have fancied in another minute that he had had a stroke of something if he had not said to me very plainly, but hustily, as I came into the room:

"What is it, Martin?"

"A visitor."

"A what?"

"A visitor," I repeated. "Somebody who wants to see you, and who has come a long way to see you, I should say," was my reply.

"A long way, is it?" he muttered. "You don't mean from the grave, Martin?"

"Certainly not," I cried; "is that like me?"

"Nothing is like you," he said, slowly and reflectively; "I don't call to mind anybody just now who was ever such a fool as you are."

My uncle was coming round to his old manner now and I was glad of it. His staring fit was over and it had scared me just a little. I had fancied something was going to happen, having been full of fancies all that day.

Uncle Samuel Nangle.

"Well, who is it wants to see me?" he asked, querulously. "Who's come all of a hurry to ask after my health and to wish me joy of it?"

"It's a young girl."

"Eh?"

"A foreigner—German, without doubt, or Dutch, perhaps."

"Eh?"

"A pretty girl, but very pale."

"Eh? oh, go on. With glass crosses in her ears?"

"Why, yes. But have"——

"And she's for none, Martin?" he [illegible]

"Bertha Keefeland!"

"No— no—no—that's a lie. That's a dreadful lie of somebody's," he roared forth suddenly. "I tell you it can't be!"

"Oh, but it is, uncle!" I exclaimed; "and she's come, she says, for the sandal wood box which was left here to be called for."

"There's no sandal wood box!" he exclaimed, in the same loud key. "There's no Bertha Keefeland, for she has been dead these six years. There's no"——

And then he fell forward, with a horrible screech, face foremost on the floor, and I ran to him and picked him up, and wiped the dirt off his hard, rugged cheeks and forehead, and put him back again in the big chair from which he had pitched out. I was as sorry to see him struck down like that as if I had loved him or he had loved me a little, and I scuttled into the bar again for water, for the help of the young woman, who might run for a doctor for me or mind my uncle while I ran myself. But the shop was empty, and there was no Bertha Keefeland waiting for me to come back with my uncle's answer to her message.

CHAPTER III.

The host of the Flying Fish did not recover from the fright or the malady which had seized him. He was one remove nearer to the end of his time now; I knew as well as possible that he would never want his crutches any more, and that one of these fine days or nights he would be sailing clean away.

He knew it himself, I think, though the doctor had not warned him. The doctor had left it to me, who was not likely to be a good hand at breaking to the old man such news as that, and who did not care to tell him, and thought it was well not to tell him, as it was not likely to do him any good. I did ask him if he would like to see the parson, and he swore at me with such fluency for the suggestion that I thought for a minute or two he was getting rapidly better. But he wound up in a milder fashion.

"Parsons ain't any good to me," he said; "are they?"

"Well, I don't think they are much."

"I always hated parsons. I haven't seen one of my own accord since I was christened. I've kept out of their way."

"Yes, you have."

"I know I have," he added. "I could have told the parson a blessed sight more than he could have ever told me. And, besides, salt water doesn't mix with holy water, does it?"

"I don't know."

"No. You don't know much."

He did not cry any more that day. He was very thoughtful at times now, as he had been on the night when he was spoken to. From the day of his last illness to this—a fortnight afterward, nearly—he had never alluded to the girl who had called at the Flying Fish, and whom I had not set eyes on since that stormy night. And yet I believe he was thinking of her a good deal, and of the message she had sent to him by me. Presently I knew he was thinking of her, and could think of nothing else.

One day, and a very long and thoughtful day it was, to him, he beckoned me to his bedside with his thick, crooked finger. He had got very hoarse, and there was a difficulty in making out all he said, but I had managed it somehow during the morning and afternoon.

"Martin," he croaked forth, almost like a raven, "I don't fancy I'm quite as well as usual to-night."

"Perhaps it is fancy, uncle?"

"Am I looking as well? I don't want any lies about it!"

"I don't see much difference in you."

"Then I don't suppose there is. You were never much of a liar, Martin. You have been over particular that way, and that's bad for a man who means to stick to business, hard and fast."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"But I am, and that's enough, ain't it?"

"All right," I said, although I knew it was all wrong, and so had begun lying on my own account. But I did not wish the old gentleman to get excited over my argument. "Give him his own way," had been the doctor's orders; "let him say and do what he pleases."

"I know I am not going to get over this, Martin," my uncle said. "That's all square enough; and I've had my innings, and don't grumble. But, Martin, where the devil am I going to?"

"For mercy's sake don't go on like this!"

"I didn't reckon on her calling for me or her waiting for me," he muttered. "Fancy her always with me afterward. It's awful!"

"Do you mean"——

Then I came to a full stop, but he understood me.

"Yes, I mean that girl."

"Bertha Keefeland?"

"Yes, Bertha Keefeland."

"How can she be waiting for you, uncle?"

"Didn't she come two weeks ago?"

"Why, yes."

"She came out of her coffin," he whispered, "and I was waiting for her that night. She had been upon my mind all day. I couldn't get her out of my mind. She was troubling it very much."

"That's all nonsense," I cried. "She was flesh and blood, I'll swear."

He shook his head.

"No, she wasn't," he said; "how could she be?"

I could not reason with him. He was so convinced to the contrary, and I was perplexed and gooseflesby. Certainly Bertha Keefeland had mysteriously disappeared after giving me the message to my uncle, but people are always disappearing and being advertised for, and turning up again. And this might have been a practical joke, only—and then I thought of a sandal wood box, which was up stairs, and had been up stairs for years, on the top of a tall, double chest of drawers belonging to my uncle, and the mystery of it was beyond my fathoming.

But he let in the light upon it presently, and it was a red light, warning him of danger—a light as red as blood.

"She couldn't have been flesh and blood, Martin," he went on slowly; "for, six years ago, when you were away in London once, she came into this house, into that shop down stairs, just as she did a fortnight since, said she was Bertha Keefeland and had called for the box her father had left with me."

"Good gracious!"

"She was tall and thin and pale, with glass crosses in her ears, and she knew very little English and spoke it very badly. Is that the girl?"

"It answers the description," I answered, with a shudder. "Well, she has called again, that's all."

"Yes, she's certainly called again," he repeated grimly.

"Well, then"——

"But," he added, with a look which I shall never forget, and which silenced me at once—a look which comes to me often and often in my sleep still, and gives me awful nightmares—"I killed her on the night she called to see me first, and for three days her body lay behind the big vat in the cellar where the whisky is, until one dark night I took it away from me; and there was an end of it, I thought. An end! As if there can be an end to things like that—as if she was not to come back some day just as she has done. I feel that's a clean breast of it, Martin, and you're not the man to put a rope round my neck for telling you; not you."

"No. Not I."

I stood and looked at him and wondered if he were raving at the last, for I did not think there were many more hours of life in him, and his senses might have left him first, as they will do sometimes, perhaps out of politeness. Could it be possible, I thought, that my uncle was a murderer, that this was true, and that the Bertha Keefeland of a fortnight since was a spirit from another world? Were there, after all, such things as ghosts to walk the earth and avenge the deeds which made them so? To look upon this agitated, earnest old man was to believe it almost. It seemed so awfully like the truth coming from those thin white lips. And presently I did not even doubt it.

"I don't mind telling you the rest of it, Martin; you'll understand then why I haven't left you any money in my will. It's more than twenty years ago when Casper Keefeland and I were friends first—when he fell sick one day, in this very room, and was afraid he should die before he got back to his native village and the wife and baby he had left behind him there. He traveled a good deal between Russia and England, and always put up at the Flying Fish. The last time I am talking about—when he was ill, that is—he had brought with him a box made of sandal wood, a legacy, he told me, from a rich relation who had died in London that year. Before he left Deal he got the notion into his head that he should die before he reached home, and so he asked me to take care of the box and its contents, being pretty sure his mates would stick to it if he shouldn't live to get off shipboard. For some reason, too, he did not want his wife to know of this at present. 'It'll be a surprise to her some day,' he said, 'and for Bertha. I'll leave it with you to be called for, Sam,' he said; 'it's safe with you as with the Bank of England. Bertha shall come here for it some day, when she grows to be a woman, that's time enough. I don't want for anything now; I may then. I can trust you, Sam, and I can only trust you to keep it safe for her. And, if I should die before I get home, you'll take it to Germany yourself. Say that's a promise.' And I said it was a promise. So it was."

"Well!" I gasped; "go on."

"But Casper did get home, though he was taken worse on the journey. He was never fit for much work again. He was something like I've been of late years, lad, I'd heard—a staring figure head, a stuffed Guy Fawkes, a scarecrow of the cussedest. But he sent me one line, which somebody wrote for him: 'Keep it till called for,' it said; 'till Bertha comes,' and I kept it."

"And she came?"

"Yes. Don't be in a hurry; you're always in such a beastly hurry," he said. "I haven't told you what was in the box."

"Did you know?"

"One night I broke it open."

"Oh!"

"I wasn't particular; I never was over particular," he said; "and I wanted to be sure what Casper was making all this fuss about. And there were diamonds and large gold bits of foreign money, and then more diamonds in the queerest settings. They fetched a lot of money."

"Did you tell them?"

"I was in difficulties," he continued. "I had been tried for smuggling. There were heavy expenses for my defense, and heavier fines to pay, and I wanted money badly. When I wanted money badly I always got it somehow, and Keefeland's jewels came in handy."

"That was dreadful."

"Old Keefeland took no notice, and nobody called for the property. I thought he must have forgotten to tell anybody about it," he went on; "that he had gone off for good without telling wife or child—that he had thought I might as well have the things as anybody else. He was so very fond of me."

"I wonder why that was?" I said.

"You mind your own business, and wonder at what I've got to tell you," growled my uncle. "That'll be quite enough," he added, with a shudder, which lasted so long that I thought he would shudder himself out of the world, and so end himself before his story. But he suddenly rallied, and went on: "One night, though, she did come—Bertha Keefeland, at the same time, on the same sort of night as the last, with the wind roaring down the street, and shaking all the windows. She walked into the place, and asked me for the box just as she asked you, and I would have sooner seen her ghost then. God knows I did not know what to do. I had sold the jewels and the foreign money. I could only see a prison for me, and—I was always a desperate fellow in my heart of hearts. I asked her to step into the next room—the room close to the bar, which I always keep locked. You guess now why? and—and—but I've told you all the rest. You know—you know! and you have seen her there [illegible] dead. And she will come once more for me, too; we shall see her walk into this room again, you and I together; now, mark my words. That's what I am waiting for."

"O, don't get that into your head."

"And I shouldn't like you to be out of the way when she calls for me instead of for the box. I'm to be called for now, so don't leave me, Martin, not for a moment; there's a dear good lad."

CHAPTER IV.

Was Uncle Nangle, after all, so very bad a specimen of a murderer, or had he learned repentance after his fashion, and understood what remorse was—what atonement? He told me before he died that he had left all his money to the nearest kin of Casper Keefeland, whoever he or she might be; that it was on his conscience—or what he thought his conscience—that this should be the destination of his money, which was not half so much as people thought he had scraped together. He told me something more than this. That he had made himself as hard, cruel and brute like as he could to me, so that I should be glad, rather than sorry, when he was gone—so that there should seem a natural reason in his strong dislike of me for leaving the money somewhere else. Even after his death no one would suspect him of so babyish a thing as restitution, he hoped. He would have liked to die "hard as nails," but it was not to be. He could not have his own way in everything. Who can?

"I wasn't half as bad as I tried to be, Martin, that's all," he said to me the next night when he was lingering on still. "I wanted you to hate me, but you wouldn't."

His voice was a long way off now—he was much weaker—he could hardly lift his hand from the bedclothes. He was not likely now to spin me any more of his long yarns. That very night again I was trying hard to think it was a yarn and nothing more [illegible] and yet in a way that was strangely impressive to me:

"She hasn't called for me yet. What a time she keeps me waiting!"

I put my hand on his, which was fidgeting restlessly outside the bedclothes, and said:

"Don't think any more of such nonsense. If it's all true you've told me"——

"If!" he murmured, indignantly.

"Think of that a bit, and how sorry you are now."

He stared at me like a man resenting my advice; then he made a sudden effort to sit up in bed, and failed; lastly, he clutched my hand with both his own.

"I'm—called—for!" he said. "Here she is, by God—at last!"

He gave a long sigh, shut his eyes, and died; and the breath had not been out of his worn old body half a minute before, to my horror and amazement, the door was slowly and softly opened, and there stole into the room the young woman, or the ghost of the young woman, who a fortnight since had told me that her name was Bertha Keefeland.

I thought in that moment it was the ghost of Bertha—a ghost with glass earrings!—for my nerves were unstrung; my uncle was just dead, and his story was not four-and-twenty hours old. I cowered from her among the bed curtains. I was not half a man for the next five minutes. I could hear my heart pounding away inside me like a steam hammer.

Here a very natural woman's voice exclaimed:

"Dead! Oh, is he dead, my poor old father's friend?"

I looked round the curtains at her; she was bending over him with tears of interest in her blue eyes. She had put a little hand upon his cold, hard forehead. She was so uncommonly unlike a ghost that I could not believe in Uncle Samuel's story any more. His brain had given way in his old age, and that was the explanation of it. An odd coincidence or two—life is all coincidences—had helped to make the yarn remarkable, and that was all.

"How long has he been dead?" she asked, in a whisper, and as if afraid she might wake him.

"Just a minute."

"I heard in Deal that he was very ill, and I came to you at once. I could not make anybody hear in the shop, so I thought I would not run away again, but come up stairs to where the footsteps were. I guessed what was happening," she said, sorrowfully, "and I had hoped to see him once before his death to give him poor father's message — father's thanks."

"You—you have never seen him before then?"

"Never."

"You have never been in England before this year?" I asked.

"Never."

"And you are Bertha Keefeland, Casper Keefeland's daughter?"

"Oh, yes."

"Poor old Uncle Nangle," I murmured, looking at him, "how your mind wandered at the last, to be sure."

"Did he speak of me?" she asked.

"Yes, I should rather think he did."

"My coming to England distressed him a deal, reminding him, I dare say, so much of father."

"Hum! perhaps it did."

"Don't tell him everything too suddenly—he's old, like me," said my father, before he died," she continued; "give him plenty of time to think matters over—say you'll call again, or anything.' And when, a fortnight ago, I heard him shriek out after you had taken in my message to him, I felt I had been too hasty, and I crept away at once, giving him more time, as father wished."

"Oh! I see."

"See what?"

"That your father was a wonderfully considerate man. And yet"——

"And yet!" she repeated.

"My uncle never seemed exactly the man for anybody to be considerate about," I concluded.

"My father liked him very much always. I don't think you could have understood your uncle," she said thoughtfully, almost reproachfully.

"Well, I suppose I didn't," I confessed. "I have a little more to say—but," she added, with a shiver, "is there any reason I should say it here? Any reason we should stop here longer?"

"No. Please come down stairs," I answered.

She was bending over him.

We went to the best parlor, where she sat down in my uncle's chair and looked hard at me. She was a very pretty German girl, I thought.

"Now, about the box," she said, "I don't wish to trouble you concerning it till after your uncle's funeral. I will simply ask you to take extra care of it, now that it is in your sole custody, and not in the good man's up stairs, who has held it in faithful trust for me so long. I may tell you even there are jewels of considerable value in it, and I am very poor. That may interest you, perhaps—for my sake," she added, with a faint little smile.

"To be sure," I answered heartily, "and that it does. But"——

She waited for me to proceed, looking at me anxiously.

"But before his death my uncle spoke of those jewels, and said—whether in his sober senses or out of them, the Lord knows, Miss Keefeland—that—that," I stammered forth, "he had turned the jewels into money."

"Why should he have done that?"

"As a kind of loan, perhaps," I suggested. "His statement was not very clear, and, as there was a ghost mixed up with it, I could not make it out exactly; but the long and short of it is, he has left all of his money, every scrap of it, to you."

"To me!"

"To the next of kin of Casper Keefeland. That is you, I hope?" I asked, nervously; "or the poor old boy has made a pretty mess of it."

"Yes; it is I."

"That's all right. I'm glad,"

"But you are his nephew—should he his heir," she exclaimed. "What has he [illegible] and nothing more [illegible] and yet in a way that was strangely impressive to me:

"Oh, that is wrong!"

"No; I think it is right," I answered.

"How can it be?"

"How can anything be?" I said in my desperate bewilderment. "Don't try to make out anything just yet, Miss Keefeland, please. If you had only come before—years and years before!"

"I was taking care of father, and he only spoke of the box a few months ago, and just before he died. It had passed out of his memory completely, he said. He was a very forgetful man; and," she added, thoughtfully, "as he had many troubles, it was just as well."

"Yes," I assented. "I should say so."

"I should not have been surprised if the box had been missing altogether," she remarked. "I was prepared to hear you tell me that when I first called here."

"Why?" I asked, cautiously.

"There was some one who knew the box was here—my father's second wife and a Bertha Keefeland, too. My father had told her of it once. He remembered that he had spoken of it to her."

I felt a creeping up my back now.

"Your father's second wife," I repeated in a husky whisper.

"Yes. He married her a year or two after he had come back from Deal for the last time. Married her for a nurse and to take care of me, left motherless. And she was too wild and passionate and—and wicked. She deserted him."

"What—what has become of her?"

"I don't know. She left a letter on the table one night stating that she could bear her life no longer and must go away from him and me. She was then about the age I am,"

McKean County Miner

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L. ROGERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., July 19, 1889.

COUNTY TICKET.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
L. ROGERS,
of Smethport.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
W. J. HAMLEY,
of Turtle Point.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE,
PHILADELPHIA, June 21, 1889.

To the Republican Electors of Pennsylvania:

The Republican electors of Pennsylvania are hereby informed that the Republican State Convention will meet in the city of Harrisburg, on Wednesday, the 17th day of July, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for Supreme Judge, and to transact such other business as may be presented. Delegates will be chosen on the basis of one for each thousand votes cast for the Republican candidate for Secretary of Internal Affairs at the last election, and the Delegates are requested to meet in their respective districts at 9 o'clock a. m. on the day of the Convention.

WILLIAM P. ANDREWS, Chairman.

F. W. CARNAHAN was appointed postmaster at Rock H, this county on Tuesday last.

HON. A. N. COOK, one of the pioneers of republicanism in western New York, died at his residence in Wellsville, Allegany county, N. Y., on Monday morning last in the 68th year of his age. For many years he was the editor of the *Genesee Valley Free Press*, which was one of the most radical yet ably conducted papers of the country.

A CONVENTION was assembled on Monday last, by the State Department at Harrisburg, for the Reiffe and Northern railroad, to run from Reiffe, on the Philadelphia and Erie road, a distance of twenty miles to Bread Level, all in Elk county. The capital stock is $200 000, and the directors are Charles W Heisey, J Hayward Heisey, James Hay ard, Joseph D Pratt, Stephen Gerhard and Edward J Allen, Philadelphia.

THE Sixth Census District is composed of the counties of Bradford, Tioga, Potter, Clearfield, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Sullivan and Tioga. The population of the district in 1880 was 351,345, and it will be interesting to know what it is in 1890. In the formation of the districts Representative Potter has not followed the lines of Congressional districts, but has aimed to associate communities whose interests are as nearly same as possible.

A CIRCULAR signed by C A Partridge, Assistant Adjutant General, and J S. Martin, Commander of the Department of Illinois, G A R. was sent broadcast on Friday last, advising comrades in view of the fact that the railroads have refused them a rate of one cent per mile, that they forego the encampment to be held at Milwaukee, and that only those attend who are duly elected delegates or ex officio members of the encampment. The Department commanders of Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota concur in this action.

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

Hon S Newton Pettis, of Meadville, is a candidate for a judgeship under the judicial plan just adopted. He is a lawyer of superior ability, a staunch Republican and every way entitled to recognition from those who have the bestowal of positions of that character. The following from the *Erie Dispatch* of recent date we heartily endorse:

"Among the applicants for judicial appointments under the present administration is Hon S Newton Pettis, of Crawford county who has placed on file some of the most flattering endorsements which it is possible for a candidate to have. Judge Pettis is one of the first generation of Republicans and has recommendations from the original leaders of the party of which them as are yet in the land of the living. He was an active and influential figure in the Chicago convention of 1860, and a factor in the movement of the doubtful States which resulted in Lincoln's nomination. He was a personal friend of President Harrison and one of the witnesses of his present endorsements comes from Hon Robert Lincoln, who fully understands the relations between Judge Pettis and Judge Potter. Another is a letter addressed Harrison in behalf of Judge Pettis is from the old war horse, Cassius M Clay, and his papers also include eminent recommendations from the leading men of Pennsylvania. Judge Pettis is a man of brilliant attainments, a profound lawyer with a record of long and enviable service on the bench and it is to be hoped that President Harrison may accord him the recognition which would be commensurate with his abilities and his labors for the Republican party and the country."

FREE TRANSPORTATION TO GETTYSBURG.

At the last session of the Legislature an act was passed, which received the Governor's approval on the 8th of May, providing for free railroad transportation to and from that historic field of those veterans who belonged to regiments which were engaged in the battle to Gettysburg, on the occasion of the dedication of the monuments which have been erected by the State for those regiments. The dedication, takes place on the 10th and 11th of September. The first section of the act referred to reads as follows:

Be it enacted, etc. That at the time of the dedication of the monuments of the Pennsylvania organizations on the battlefield of Gettysburg there shall be provided and furnished, at the expense of the Commonwealth, transportation to all the surviving honorably discharged soldiers now resident in Pennsylvania, whose names were borne upon the rolls of such organizations prior to July 1st and at the date of the battle of Gettysburg on July first, second, or third, one thousand eight hundred and sixty three, such transportation to cover distance from the stations at which such soldiers live, or from the railroad stations nearest to their places of residence, by the shortest or most convenient route to Gettysburg and return, and shall be so arranged as to permit that the said veteran shall have the privilege of remaining at Gettysburg not less than one week, and shall have the privilege of stopping off at any station en route.

JUDGE WHITE'S LETTER.

The License Court of Allegheny county, held in March last, was presided over by Hon. J. W. F. White, who refused a large number of wholesale as well as retail applications for license. Since the decision of the Supreme Court in reversing the action of the Philadelphia Courts in refusing to grant certain wholesale licenses several prominent attorneys of Allegheny county have asked for a rehearing of a number of applications for retail licenses which were refused by Judge White. The following letter from the Judge was received by Judges Ewing and Magee sitting in continuation session of the March Court of Quarter Sessions of Allegheny county, on Monday of this week:

SEWICKLEY, July 13, 1889.

JAMES EWING AND MAGEE,

Several attorneys came to see me yesterday, requesting my attendance at court this morning, as applications were to be made in reference to some refused retail licenses.

I deem it unnecessary to go up and said that you, no doubt, would hear their applications. This evening they have again called, stating that you desire me to put my views in writing.

When I held the License Court I believed, and still believe the retail and wholesale acts of 1887 were intended to restrain and regulate the sale of liquors and spirituous malt and fermented liquors as declared in the retail act, and that they should be construed together. For that reason I refused applications for wholesale and bottlers' licenses, when the evidence satisfied me they were connected with, conducted in an improper manner—especially and mainly as establishments for selling by the quart or gallon, in bottles, jugs and buckets, to the neighborhood. These I regarded as little more than retail houses, although within the letter of the wholesale act. Wholesale establishments I have always understood were such as sold to those engaged in the retail business. Those wholesale and bottling houses which sell by the quart or jug and bucket to the neighborhood I believe cause more intemperance and are greater evils than regular retail houses.

But it seems from newspaper extracts of the recent decision of the Supreme Court (I have not seen the full opinion) I was mistaken in my construction of the wholesale act, and consequently on the rule on which I acted in the case of the wholesalers and bottlers, it seems the Quarter Sessions has no power to go beyond three questions:

1. Is the applicant a citizen of the United States?
2. Is he of good moral character?
3. Is he of temperate habits?

The court has no discretion as to the necessity of the house, the character of the locality, the extent of the business, the mode of conducting it or the class of customers since that decision and in pursuance of it all who were refused for either wholesale or bottling, have otherwise been. This materially changes the conditions of things and defeats the main object of limiting the number of retail licenses. While I do not feel I would say reasons sufficient yet, had I supposed that all of these would secure license, I should certainly have granted more retail licenses, greatly limiting the number of retail and granting licenses to all wholesalers and bottlers is manifestly unjust to many retail applicants. It is applying one rule to wholesalers and another to wholesalers without, so far as I can see, any good reason for the difference.

If the Quarter Sessions has no discretion as to which sellers and bottlers the discretion as to retailers amounts to nothing. It results only in increasing the number of quart and jug establishments.

I deem it proper to make these remarks in view of the applications next year. It is so understood that they regard rule with reference to retail. Licensed will be continued, the court will be overrun with applications for wholesale and bottling houses and the evils of excessive drinking will be as great, if not greater than in the worst days under the special act of 1872. Better have a thousand retail houses than a thousand quart and jug establishments.

As I have made arrangements to leave home next Monday, to be absent some time I submit the whole matter to your judgments and will have nothing further to do. I have only two suggestions to offer if you continue to grant more licenses.

1. Do not limit consideration to the petitioners in this application.
2. Give preference to those who have hotels or restaurants. Respectfully J. W. F. WHITE.

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SETS.

When I sat at my desk in Salem and Governor Swineford I was further from Attu Island, the western most part of Alaska, than I was from Portland Me. This may serve to give some idea of the prodigious distances of Alaska. But I can furnish a more striking one. If the capitol of the United States were located in the center of the United States this is to say at a point equidistant from Quaddy Head Me., and Attu Island Alaska, it would be in the Pacific ocean some 600 miles north by west of San Francisco.

It is indeed, an almost boundless empire that Mr Swineford has ceased to govern and that Fred A Maynard is host. Few people appreciate the colossal size of the Alaskan domain of the United States. Even prominent public men are apt to regard it as a little fringe of the frozen zone, quite unworthy of their attention. William S Holman once had this idea of Alaska. A couple of years ago, when Governor Swineford was urging the House committee on Territories to favorably on a bill to give Alaska something more than a semblance of Territorial government, Mr. Holman said:

"Well, governor, my idea is that Alaska ought to be made a county of Washington Territory. That would be the simplest way to dispose of the troublesome Russian purchase."

Swineford was mad in a minute. He promptly advised the great objector to go and buy some primer geography and he never had the patience to discuss the matter with him again.

It has long been said that the sun never sets on the British Empire but it is not generally known that it is equally true that the sun never sets on the dominion of the United States. It is shining on the Aleutian Islands while it is the dead of night on Martha's Vineyard. The United States lays almost half way around the world. It nearly half way around the world. It extends from 67 degrees west longitude to 193 degrees east longitude. Alaska has between 500,000 and 900,000 square miles of land surface and a great water area. It is nearly as large as the United States, east of the Mississippi.

"TANNER," said President Harrison, "run your bureau on business principles, keep within the limit of the law, and be as liberal to the boys as possible." When he comes to reflect upon these low remarks, Mr Cleveland will probably wish that Ben Harrison had been somewhere in the vicinity of the White House when he was there, to give him the same advice. "Be liberal to the boys!" That's the talk that gets under the waistcoat of every man who went to fight and every woman who sent a boy to fight for the Stars and Stripes. And when it gets there it it can't get away. —*N. Y. Press.*

KIND WORDS.

The *Journal* congratulates Hon. Lucius Rogers, editor of the McKean MINER, on his nomination for Treasurer of McKean county, and hopes he may "get there."—*Bradford Journal*

Hon Lucius Rogers, editor of the McKean MINER, has been nominated unanimously by the Republicans for the position of treasurer of McKean county. He ought to be elected unanimously.—*Wellsboro Gazette*

Lucius Rogers, editor of the MINER, at Smethport has been nominated by the Republicans for Treasurer of McKean county. He is an old soldier, creditably filled positions at Harrisburgh many years as a clever fellow, and if a good Democrat cannot be elected Treasurer we are glad to see Lue in the swim.—*Meadville Messenger, Item*

Lucius Rogers, editor of the Smethport MINER, is the Republican nominee of McKean county for treasurer. Mr Rogers has many friends in Warren who are pleased to learn of his nomination, but if the Democrats of McKean do the right thing, their joy will be turned to sorrow. McKean Democrats, however are a good deal like their neighbors in Warren—satisfied only with total defeat.—*Warren Ledger, Item*

Hon Lucius Rogers the veteran editor of the McKean County MINER was unanimously nominated for County Treasurer at the Republican County Convention held at Smethport, Tuesday, July 2. We are glad Bro Rogers received the nomination, as there is no man in the county more deserving of, and [illegible] he will be elected by a large majority. Mr Rogers has our most hearty congratulations.—*Kane Leader*

Brother Rogers seems to be all right. The editor's turn has come at last. President Harrison set the example of recognizing the long neglected minions of the press that is being followed with commendable alacrity, all over the country. The Republicans of McKean county have evidently performed their proper caper in the case, but we hate to see Smethport get all the good things, when there is so much material that might be utilized to good advantage about Bradford.—*Era*

HON. LUCIUS ROGERS.

The friends of Hon. Lucius Rogers, in Crawford will be glad to know that he has again been honored by the Republican convention as their candidate for Treasurer of McKean county. Mr Rogers besides rendering distinguished service in the field many years as a gallant soldier, has filled other responsible positions and always with entire satisfaction to all who reside in the discharge of the duties devolving upon him. Whether in the Legislature, the editorial chair, or as a high private in the Republican party he has ever been as true to principle and party discipline as the needle is to its rising and setting. Colonel we congratulate you and the Republicans of McKean County.—*Westville Republican*

LITERARY NOTES.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

The short Child will follow his article on Palatial in the July Number of Harper's Magazine, with one on "The Kremlin and Russian Art," in the August number. The latter will be even more lavishly illustrated than the former. Mr Child will analyze into its constituent elements Muscovite art as exemplified in the architecture and the treasures of the palaces and churches of the Kremlin and will exhaust the truth of the conclusion that there is such a thing as an original and national art in Russia, an idea at which Western critics scoffed not many years since.

LETTERS OF THE SEATTLE FIRE.

The *Inquirer* issued a splendid colored supplement giving scenes in Seattle immediately before, during and after the fire, showing the Tacoma relief train, business in ruins, burning blocks, the train bearing the Portland fire engine, etc. As a collection of engravings of that most memorable event the destruction by fire of the business portion of the largest city on Puget sound, entailing a loss of fully $20,000,000 to 40, it will become more and more valuable as time passes. As a total destruction of business and as a token of energy and quick recuperation it is being shown render Seattle one of the marvels of the age, and these engravings are a valuable souvenir of the event. The West Shore to publish d monthly at Portland, Oregon, at $2 50 a year or 25 cents a copy.

LINCOLN'S RELIGION.

The forthcoming (August) number of the *Century* will contain a chapter on Lincoln and the "churches" in the Lincoln History by Messrs Hay and Nicolay from which the following is an extract from advance sheets:

He was a man of profound and intense religious feeling. We have no purpose of any inquiry to formulate his creed we can form of the man will ever did so. There have been several witnesses who, judging from expressions uttered in his callow youth have called him an atheist, and others who in the most laudable intentions, have remembered improbable conversations which they bring forward to prove at once the orthodoxy and their own intimacy with him. But leaving aside these apocryphal evidences, we have only to look at his authentic public and private utterances to see how deep and strong in all the latter part of his life was the current of his religious thought and emotion. He continually invited and appreciated, at their highest value, the prayers of good people. The presence of the tremendous problem by which he was surrounded, the awful moral significance of the conflict in which he was the chief combatant, the overwhelming sense of personal responsibility, which never left him for an hour—all contributed to produce, in a temperament naturally serious and predisposed to a spiritual view of the conduct, a sense of reverent acceptance of the guidance of a Superior Power. From that memorable hour when on the steps of the Capitol he humbled himself before his Creator in the sublime words of the second inaugural, there is not an expression known to have come from his lips or his pen but proves that he held himself answerable in every act of his career to a more august tribunal than any on earth. The fact that he was not a communicant of any church, and that he was singularly reserved in regard to his personal religious life, gives only the greater force to these striking proofs of his profound reverence and faith.

Grapes for Weakly and Sickly Persons.

Many persons who are weak and sickly are at a loss to know what will restore their health. Speer's port wine and unfermented grape juice are the best restoratives known. It is especially recommended for its purity, exquisite flavor and healthy properties. Medical men certify to its valuable medical powers and blood making property. Mr. Speer has been for years engaged in preparing and perfecting this wine, and it requires a four years' process before it is fit for market.—N. Y. *Baptist*

Sold by druggists.

Ordinance No. 37.

BE IT ORDAINED AND ENACTED BY the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Smethport, McKean County Pa., and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, that from and after the passage of this ordinance it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to throw and catch or play with a baseball, or football, on Main street in said borough.

And any person or persons violating this ordinance shall forfeit and pay to the use of the borough the sum of one dollar, to be collected on conviction of such offence before the Burgess or any Justice of the Peace, as in the manner and subject to all an action of trespass.

Approved July 9, 1889.

WALTER GIFFORD, Burgess.
Attest: JNO. FORREST, Secretary.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after Eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD Aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

For Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE HIS FARM OF 100 ACRES, situate in Keating township, McKean county, Pa., about 4 miles from Smethport. Terms reasonable. Apply to the undersigned on the premises.

JOHN FANNIS.

July 19, 1889. tf.

Notice.

MRS. JENNIE LUTCH HAVING left my house without cause all persons are notified not to trust or harbor her on my account as I will pay no debts of her own contracting. ELI LUTCH.

Turtle Point Pa. July 11, 1889.

Notice of Intention to Apply for a Charter of Incorporation

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I, P. Hubbard F. H. Arnold F. S. Bowen R. P. Barnsdale of Hubbard and others will apply to the Legislature of Pennsylvania at the next session of [illegible] Harrisburg Pa. on the first Monday in January A. D. 1890 for a charter of incorporation by the name, style and title of "The Sartwell Creek Improvement Company." The character of said corporation is the clearing the object of said corporation is the clearing and straightening, grubbing and deepening the channel of Sartwell creek in Pleasant Valley and Roulette townships Potter county, Pa., and Liberty township, McKean county, Pa., from its confluence with the Allegany river to its source, a distance of less than twenty miles, and otherwise improving and managing said stream for the floating of logs, timber and lumber thereon by the natural and artificial floods thereon.

BENSON & DONEHUE,
Solicitors for Applicants.

July 19-3t

EMIL THAMM,

Manufacturer of

CIGARS

And Dealer in

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO,

PIPES, ETC

49 MAIN STREET,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next door to Callan's Drug Store July 19-6m

A Good Living For Every Man WILLING TO WORK.

GOOD PAY!

Write to W. & T. SMITH, Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y., for terms. Unequaled facilities for offering liberal inducements to the trade. Genuine Concords at the low price of $8 per thousand. Genuine Niagaras at $12 per thousand. Genuine Delawares at $15 per thousand. Genuine Wilders at $15 per thousand. Genuine Rogers' Hybrids at $15 per thousand. Genuine Moore's Early at $15 per thousand. Genuine Worden at $15 per thousand. Genuine Ives at $15 per thousand. Genuine Martha at $15 per thousand. Genuine Lindley at $15 per thousand. Genuine Eaton at $15 per thousand. Genuine Jefferson at $15 per thousand. Genuine Brighton at $15 per thousand. Genuine Salem at $15 per thousand. Genuine Vergennes at $15 per thousand. Genuine Massasoit at $15 per thousand. Genuine Prentiss at $15 per thousand. Genuine Pocklington at $15 per thousand. Genuine Triumph at $15 per thousand. Genuine Elvira at $15 per thousand. Genuine Clinton at $15 per thousand. Genuine Isabella at $15 per thousand. Genuine Catawba at $15 per thousand. Genuine Delaware at $15 per thousand. Genuine Niagara at $15 per thousand. Genuine Concord at $15 per thousand. Genuine Rogers' Hybrid

McKean County Miner

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.
If you want the address of your paper changed, be sure to send the old address as well as the new one.
In ordering the address changed, you should always state in what post office you have been receiving it.
If you want your paper discontinued, you will please notify us to that effect by the time it reaches the office or not.
We could not give the paper regularly but on these conditions. We must every month's paper every week, and the trouble in watching mails where most re-

Smethport, Pa., July 19, 1889.

H. S. KNAPP, Local Editor.

LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

Rays of Humor.

Red now bright flowers of various hues,
The citizen by grocer sees;
The girl puts on her tennis shoes,
And wears a dress that shows 'em.
—Denison Courier.

Beware of the dog.

This is a big fly season.

The bark hustlers are busy.

Considerable sickness prevails.

The mills are running full blast.

The rye fields now roll like golden billows.

Bradford is longing for a Barnum or Forepaugh visit.

A vast amount of bark is being peeled this season.

The small boy now haunts the retired swimming hole.

There is a scarcity of hay field laborers in this section.

—E. M. Taylor has closed out his Main street grocery store.

The plastering work is being rapidly pushed in the new Realty building.

The Smethport Band will give a concert on the court house lawn this evening.

E. Thamm's manufacturing cigars in his new business place on Main street.

The prospects are very flattering for a large growth of wild blackberries this year.

The addition to the store building to be occupied by D. C. Young, is nearing completion.

Examine Mrs. T. D. Nash's new advertisement.

Dr. F. U. Pierce's tricycle-tandem will be raffled off at F. E. Slater's billiard room on the 27th inst.

This is the time of year to arise early in the morning and inflate your lungs with the breath of the new born day.

A small steamer ploughs the waters of the Allegheny at Eldred these days. It is employed in short excursion trips.

An application was made to Judge Morrison on Wednesday last, for a charter incorporating the Odd Fellows' Hall Association.

The telephone connecting with the Bradford exchange, has been removed from G. W. Williams's meat market to the drug store of H. C. Wells.

We are informed by Sheriff Clarke, that Mrs. Mary Brannigan (the jabbers) of Bradford, languishes in the county jail, owing to her disorderly conduct over the hill.

Among other tropical fruits thriving in the green house of Judge Hamlin on Main street can be seen oranges as large and handsome as those that flourish where equinoctial fervors glow."

Another terribly mutilated body of a woman was recently found in the White Chapel district, London. Her name was Kelly and it was found that she was of the disreputable class. Jack the Ripper

—Smethport is becoming a popular summer resort. Its bracing air, picturesque scenery and charming society are advantages not to be scorned by those who flee from the unwholesome air of the city, during the heated term.

Physicians' fees are not appalling in Russia. The government fixes the doctor's charges. In country towns 10 cents a visit to the usual charge. Physicians making $450 per year may charge 45 cents a visit. In the cities the usual charge is 75 cents.

We are indebted to Hon. I. S. Brown for the annual report of the Secretary of Internal Affairs—parts 1st and 2d. It is replete with important information on subjects pertaining to the land office, weather service, vital statistics and assessments.

There will be a gathering of the congregation and friends of the Methodist Episcopal church, of this place and vicinity at the skating rink on Wednesday evening next (July 24) for the benefit of the pastor, Rev. T. W. Chandler. Come one, come all.

Henry Hallmann of this place, met with a severe accident, while coupling cars on the B. R. & K. railroad last Friday. The bumpers came together breaking his right hand, but fortunately breaking no bones which would have made amputation necessary.

The home boys who went to Smethport speak in a very forcible manner of the generous hospitality accorded them by the people there on the glorious Fourth. The editor of this can attest, and can say if in the future occasion ever presents itself the people of Bolivar will reciprocate.—*Bolivar Leader.*

A severe accident occurred in the woods about two miles west of this place, last Wednesday. Frank Irons was struck by a branch of a tree that fell contrary to the expectation of the choppers. His head was severely but not dangerously cut, and he was otherwise bruised over the body. Dr. Freeman dressed the wounds and he is now doing well.

"Can you tell me where the minister lives?" asked young Spatter, who left his girl in the buggy to speak to a man in his shirt sleeves at work on a new verandah. "He lives here," said the man. "Well, we want him to marry us." "All right; bring her in, while I put my coat on." "You the minister? I thought you were a carpenter." "No; I'm a jobber."—*Detroit Journal.*

A man was leading a cow westward on Main street some days ago when the rope suddenly fell from the animal's horns. The cow stopped and the man went on utterly oblivious of the state of affairs. He would probably have been going yet, dragging his rope through the dust had not Hon. Robt. H. Rose been an observer of the incident. The best thing ropes of mice and men, gull oft apart.

It is a mistake to look upon milk as a beverage. It is a liquid food, and though it quenches the thirst at the moment, it makes it more intense after it has been some time in the stomach, and its digestion has commenced. Healthy infants who receive a sufficiency of milk often cry for long periods, to the bewilderment and distress of mothers and nurses, simply because they are thirsty, and in many cases where indigestion is caused by weakness or insufficiency of the gastric juice the child would be greatly benefited by a drink of water.—*Hospital.*

—Dr. J. W. C. O'Neal of Gettysburg, a member of the State Board of Charities and Cadwallader Biddle, Esq., of Philadelphia, secretary of the Board, visited the Jail and Poor House of this county on Monday last. They represent the management of these institutions as being first-class in every particular, and especially complemented Sheriff Clark and his estimable wife for the cleanliness which characterized every department of the jail.

—An article was published in local columns of this paper some weeks ago, stating that disestablishment was inevitable to the Church of England, owing to the fact that the ritualistic party was trying to educate the people into Roman Catholicism. A friend of the writer of this item, who has made the subject a study, says that the statement is erroneous, and that the ritualists in England to-day, are the greatest enemies to Romanism in that country.

—Al Peirce is a successful trout fisherman from "away back." Many a party has he guided into the wilds of Potter county to the best fishing ground in the country. On Monday last he left home in the morning about 9 o'clock and returned the next morning with a basket of as fine trout as has been caught in this county this year. We know whereof we speak for a mess of the speckled beauties found their way to our table, for which he has our unbounded thanks.

—Adversity stimulates the young man's natural abilities, and brings forth that which would have been dormant had he remained indolent on the rosy couch of wealth. Adversity is darkness and prosperity is light. Therefore the burning rays of genius will shine more brightly from the depths of adversity than from the sunny pathway of prosperity. The late Simon Cameron once said: "Yes, my son, I've had many advantages, but I had one that overbalanced them all, poverty."

—Colonel George E. Waring, the eminent engineer and sanitary expert, says that Providence is credited unjustly with a great many of the deaths which occur daily. Defective sanitation is responsible for more disease and death, he asserts, than was ever attributable to armed warfare. Colonel Waring is undoubtedly right. Thousands of people who drink contaminated water and eat unhealthy food lay their ailments to the credit of a divine dispensation. Providence is not a fool-killer, though there is ample work for it in that direction.—*Ex.*

—The Philadelphia *Record*, in commenting on the future prospects of the oil supply says: "We are not yet sufficiently conversant with the conditions that make up an oil field as to designate with any degree of accuracy at what time they will become extinct. Oil, we know, is the result of the disintegration and decomposition of vegetable matter. The volatile fluid is found in certain strata in the subcarboniferous, the Devonian and Silurian. But, while this is true, oil may come from the latter strata, and thus an almost inexhaustible production might be the consequence."

—An exchange says that these are the days when it behooves every one to exercise temperance in all things. Eat less, drink less, both of ice water and intoxicants, for the former is about as bad as the latter, and don't allow yourself to become excited when you possibly can help it. Prudence is the best safeguard against the dangers that threaten man's vitality in sweltering summer days. Imprudences which may seemingly be of little moment quickly turn into dangerous and often fatal ones. Each person should restrain himself in the manner of food and drink, even though he is compelled to mortify the flesh more than usual.

—Prof. Lattin says there is but one poison in a good cigar, but there are five in a cigarette—the oil in the paper, the oil of nicotine, saltpeter to preserve the tobacco, opium to make it mild, and the oil in the flavoring. A mouthful of the smoke blown through a handkerchief will leave a brown stain; blown through the nostrils, no stain appears—it is left in the head and throat. Last year, says the *Globe Democrat*, there were 1,200,000 cigarettes made in the United States; and the consumption warrants the enormous manufacture. It is a wholesale system of poisoning. Dr. Holmes says the habit of smoking cigarettes especially enfeebles the will power.

—Owners of vicious dogs may read with profit the following synopsis of the law in reference to their animals: If anybody is attacked on the highway by a dog, the person has the right to kill the dog, and the owner can be held accountable for any injury inflicted by the animal. Even on the premises of the owner of a dog, should a person be attacked and injured after endeavoring to protect himself, the owner can be held responsible for damages inflicted, provided it can be shown that the person injured was in pursuit of business or on a friendly visit. If a dog by barking at passing horses or vehicles occasions any damage, its owner is liable for the loss sustained.

—Over at Keeneyville on the afternoon of the Fourth a prominent citizen sat on a box in front of the village store, whittling a pine stick and quietly musing, when an urchin stole up behind him and slipped a cannon cracker under the box. The fuse began to sputter and then there was a terrible explosion. The citizen aforesaid was somewhat startled and his temper considerably ruffled. He saw a young man standing near laughing heartily, and he walloped over and knocked the young man down, supposing, no doubt, that he was the guilty man. Then he choked two other fellows who appeared to be amused at the joke. The young man got up and started to enter a complaint of assault before a justice, but the prominent citizen by that time had cooled off and he followed and healed the young man's wounded feelings with a plaster in the shape of a $10 bill.—*Wellsboro Agitator.*

Death of a Lovely Child.

Ada, the youngest daughter of D. T. Young, Esq., of this place, died at her home on Main street, on Tuesday evening, the 16th inst., at 11.30 o'clock. The deceased was in the 8th year of her age, and was ill but a few days with acute gastritis or inflamation of the stomach, when death summoned her to part from a circle of loving friends and childhood ties, and to abide in a fairer world. The unclouded demise of this sweet child, whose character was made up of numberless virtues, is mourned deeply by not only her parents but by all who knew her. The funeral was held at the residence yesterday, at 5 o'clock p. m., J. R. Walkinshaw officiating.

"She has gone here to earth for its sunshine,
There called her away from its woe;
While her memory is left to illumine
Our hazardous pathway below."

St. Lukes Church.

Services on Sunday next—Morning Prayer, 10:30 a. m. Evening Prayer, at 8 p. m.

Anthem, "Sanctus"—Gounod.

The Great G. A. R. Day.

On Thursday, September 5th, the G. A. R. Posts of McKean county will hold their annual re-union in Smethport. It promises to be the most notable occasion ever experienced in this place, excepting only the day on which the soldiers' monument was unveiled. It will be a county day in its truest sense, as not only the nine Posts of the county will be here in full force but a large portion of the citizens of the county will visit the county seat on that day. It will be a big day and one it will not pay to overlook.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

Miss Edith Shoemaker is visiting friends in Buffalo.

Dr. W. P. Burdick, of Buffalo, was at the Kinzua viaduct last Sunday.

T. L. McKean of Wilcox, was circulating about town on Tuesday last.

Lawyer G. L. Snyder of Buffalo, called at the MINER office on Monday last.

Miss Elvira Wescott, of Wilcox, is visiting with Miss Clara Hoffman of King street.

Mrs. J. E. P. Batts of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. N. Barrett, of this place.

Ex-Sheriff Barnum spent Tuesday night in town, the guest of County Treasurer Shoemaker.

G. S. Smith, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is visiting at the residence of George Sartwell on King street.

H. P. Vincent, of Jamestown, formerly of this place, has been visiting friends in town the past week.

Rev. James G. Cameron of St. Mark's church, Pittsburgh, conducted the services at St. Luke's church last Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Ilsworth and Mrs. W. O. Hamlin, of Brooklyn, are visiting at the residence of J. C. Hamlin, on Main street.

Ex-Chief of Police N. J. Stanton and Constable T. J. Finnerty of Bradford, were callers at this office on Tuesday last.

The genial Al Peirce of the Peirce House, this place, left on Thursday of this week for an extended trip in the west.

P. C. Foley of Olean, the well known marble dealer, was in town yesterday setting up some fine work in Rose Hill cemetery.

H. J. Glenn, a young business man of Eldred, formerly of this place, was shaking hands with his many friends in town last Tuesday.

Frank King and wife of Cleveland, O., who were visiting at the residence of Robert King of this place, departed for Ceres last Tuesday.

Clark Hopkins, of Wyoming, Iowa, a veteran of Co. H, 58th Regt., Penn'a Vols., is visiting his brother, P. D. Hopkins, the South Smethport merchant.

The Misses Bessie and Ethel Sartwell, of Olean, daughters of H. S. Sartwell formerly of this place, are visiting at the residence of C. K. Sartwell on Main street.

Mrs. L. T. Mealbury left on Thursday morning for Franklin, to attend the funeral of Rev. Dr. Eaton, who died very suddenly in that city on Wednesday of this week.

Joseph Williams, of the firm of Williams & Sons, was one of the excursionists to the Thousand Islands last week. He visited the Adirondack mountains, during his sojourn.

A Retort.

EDITOR MINER:—I solicit the privilege of saying a few words to the readers of the MINER by way of explanation, etc., as regards the publication of the story entitled "Frank Freeman; or the Deathbed Wedding." It appears that five gentlemen of Smethport, have passed a severe criticism on what they term a sensational article "devoid of truth," an "absurd scribbling and all bosh—the motive of the writer they cannot comprehend," etc. And furthermore ye editor "has again been imposed upon."

I acknowledge the heinous crime of having the story published. The author is entirely innocent of any complicity in the matter. She wrote it more than forty years ago. Soon thereafter she gave it to me as a present when I was visiting at her home in the far west. She has no knowledge of its publication. She assured me that the story was a tale of real life, although there was a vein of fiction running through it. The author was an intimate and confiding friend of the two young ladies mentioned in the story, and often was consulted by them and even dictated some of their letters. In fact she was in the whole secret. She lived within speaking distance of both of them during their stay in Smethport. Now I appeal to the good sense and judgment of the readers of the MINER, who would be best able to judge in this matter, or most likely to be correct—the one that was familiar with and penned the transaction at the time they occurred, or those that depend upon a treacherous memory after 40 long years had passed? Judge ye.

I assure the reader that no malice or ill-will towards any one was intended; that neither the author of that "uncalled for scribbling" nor myself had any wicked design or evil intent, nor the remotest idea of causing any of the friends or relatives connected with the story the least pain or discomfiture whatever—far from it. I had been requested several times to have it published by those that were somewhat acquainted with the affair and had heard it read from manuscript. What erring creatures we mortals are!

D. BERLINGAME.

Sizerville, Pa., July 12, 1889.

THE finest line of ladies' and children's shoes in town at M. Rosenfield's.

A Highly Appreciated Gift.

On Wednesday of this week Foreman Brownell of the Smethport Hose Company received by express the following resolutions very handsomely engrossed and encased in an elegant frame. The hose boys are proud of this testimonial of the esteem in which they are held by Bolivar Hose:

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

At a regular meeting of Citizens Hose Company held at their engine house, Bolivar, N. Y., July 14th, 1889, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we tender to SMETHPORT HOSE COMPANY of Smethport, Pa., a vote of thanks for the sociable manner in which they received and entertained our company and so generously cared for us during our visit on July 5th, 1889.

Resolved, That we request SMETHPORT HOSE COMPANY to tender to the people and HOSE COMPANY of Smethport our high appreciation of the citizens generally and the HOSE COMPANY in particular, shown us as FIREMEN.

Resolved, That every member of our company will ever cherish a warm feeling towards the firemen of McKean's county seat, who left Pennsylvania's confine to make the memory of July 4th, 1889, a pleasant one to the firemen of Bolivar.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on our minutes and a copy of them signed by our President and Secretary and presented to the President of the SMETHPORT HOSE COMPANY, of Smethport, Pa.

CITIZENS HOSE CO. No 1
W. M. TATE, President.
T. A. BUTLER, Sec'y.

J. W. O'DAY,
W. L. NICHOLS,
E. C. GARTNHAIR,
} Committee.

GOLD and silver watches and all kinds of jewelry at M. Rosenfield's.

BRADFORD BITES.

Enos Parsons is visiting at Cambridgeboro.

Barney Lowenstitt of Oil City, was in town this week.

G. W. Sartwell of Smethport, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Loucks are at Chautauqua Lake.

Bovard & Seyfang's new boiler works will soon be finished.

At last we have a fire bell that can be heard all over the city.

Samuel Levy is entertaining Max Goldstein of Titusville.

Miss Mary Hastings is visiting with relatives in Meadville.

Miss Ethel Fraser of Rochester, is visiting with friends in town.

The work on the Congress street paving is progressing quite rapidly.

Mrs. F. S. Johnson has returned from a visit with friends in Charlotte.

Miss Jennie Donley of Salamanca, is visiting among relatives in town.

Miss Hannah Reh is visiting with friends in Oil City and Titusville.

Messrs. John L. and J. C. McKinney of Titusville, were in town this week.

P. C. Boyle, manager of the *Era* has purchased the Toledo *Commercial*.

A. R. Cohn of this city, will start a dry goods store in Kane in a short time.

Thomas McDonald has returned from a visit to the Cambridgeboro springs.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Gall of Corydon street, are entertaining Miss Emily Senn of Buffalo.

Mrs. W. H. Burns and Miss Maggie Burns are visiting friends at Allegany, N. Y.

Company C will leave for the encampment at Warren Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Howard Russel of the United Pipe Line has returned from a visit with relatives in Rochester.

Edward Griffin has returned home from the Pacific slope where he has been sojourning for some time.

J. D. Henderson and Leonard Allen of Titusville, were visiting with friends in this city during the past week.

The excursions to the Kinzua bridge last Sunday from Buffalo, Dunkirk and Oil City were all well patronized.

The firemen's tournament and parade to be held here August 29th and 30th, promises to be the biggest kind of a success.

J. C. Russell of Williamsport, superintendent of the Pennsylvania line of the National Transit company, was in the city this week.

Pa. Nusbaum opened up his new grocery at Nos. 3 and 5 Main street last Friday evening. It is one of the largest grocery houses in this part of the State.

A Titusville man has eloped with a Salvation Armyite. If some one would elope with the whole army in this city they would confer a great blessing on the community.

An excursion was run over the B., R. & P. from Rochester to the Kinzua viaduct Wednesday. Another will be run over the same road to the bridge from Buffalo next Sunday.

Some fellows who correspond for the "fly" out-of-town papers consider themselves very cute, but they give themselves away just the same. Wonder who writes for the B-f-l-o *Ex-press*?

Mrs. Frank H. Chapman, Miss Pauline Chapman, Miss Cora Reed, Miss Jennie Chapman, John P. Mullin, Carl J. Reid, Charles M. Tucker and Miss Bancroft spent last Sunday at Lakewood.

Owing to the absence of Mayor Mc Sweeney the resignation of Patrick H. Donnelly as night patrolman was not accepted. He has reconsidered his resignation and returned to his beat last Monday evening.

ATTENTION LUMBERMEN.—Come to the store of M. Rosenfield if you want a nobby suit, and I will guarantee a perfect fit.

PORT ALLEGANY.

D. R. Rooney went to Olean Monday on business.

The genial Tom Harrington, was in town Monday.

Leroy Young is rejoicing in the arrival of a boy baby.

George Keller spent last Sabbath with Coudersport friends.

John Burdick passed last Sunday with friends at Smethport.

Dr. and Mrs. Rian have returned home from a week's visit in New York State.

The finest radishes we have seen this year came from the garden of O. Vossburg.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Utter of Friendship, are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hughes.

Ernest Fulmer who has been employed as brakeman on the Wingap, was in town last week.

Mark Manning whom we reported on the sick list in our last letter, is very low at this writing.

Warren Young is very low with typhoid fever. But little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

W. R. Fulmer has been employed by Mrs. Palmer to take charge of the popular Port Allegany House.

B. D. Ames and Leroy Young have rented the Palmer House barn and are running a livery and feed stable.

Judge Morrison of Smethport, was seen upon our streets Monday. The judge has many warm friends in this vicinity.

Contrary to the prediction of last week's *Reporter*, we think Mr. L. Rogers will have no trouble in "getting there."

F. H. Arnold cut and drew in a large quantity of hay during the past week. He still has about one hundred acres to cut.

Girard Button received a check last week for $6.6 pension money, $300 of which he placed in the First National bank of Port Allegany.

M. L. Leeson who has been employed to write up the history of McKean and other counties of the state, was at the Sartwell House this week.

The ice cream social held at Garthwait hall on Tuesday evening last by the ladies of the Episcopal church was a very successful affair and netted them the sum of $12.

The K. O. T. M. will give an ice cream social and dance in G. A. R. hall on Thursday evening, the proceeds to be used to pay for the fine new organ which they have recently purchased.

J. H. Williams has the frame up for his new dwelling house on Broad street, and the work will be pushed rapidly forward to completion. C. E. Grover has the contract and that fact of itself is a sufficient guarantee that the work will be well done.

Mr. Wm. Pendleton of Coryville was in town last week calling on his old comrade, B. G. Bartle. They had not met before since the close of the war and it is needless to say that the meeting was a joyous one. Mr. Pendleton is 70 years of age and plainly shows the effects of the hard usage he received while toting a musket for Uncle Sam.

Mrs. Effie Fulmer, wife of W. R. Fulmer, died on Thursday, 11th inst., of consumption. Mrs Fulmer had suffered two long years with this dread disease, but bore her sufferings with christian fortitude. She was admired by all with whom she came in contact and her loss is a sad blow to her husband and friends. She died in a firm belief in the life beyond the river. She was buried at the Colegrove cemetery, a large circle of friends following her remains to their last resting place.

VONDERSPECK.

HATS, caps, boots and shoes at M. Rosenfield's.

Harvest Excursions

Will be run to points in Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska and the two Dakotas—North and South, on August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company, at half rate. For particulars and full information write to or call on John B. Pott, Traveling Passenger Agent, Williamsport, Pa., or to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

You can save 25 per cent. by buying your clothing at M. Rosenfield's next to the postoffice, Smethport.

CLERMONT CHATTINGS.

Mrs. Arthur Lyman is reported as having been very ill for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fiddler, of Tioga county, have moved back to town.

Mr. White is the name of one new telegraph operator. He seems to be a perfect gentleman.

J. F. Bond is back from a trip to Washington Territory. James says times are very hard there at present.

Mr. Christ Graham now makes Smethport his home. We are sorry to lose him, but what is Clermont's loss is Smethport's gain.

John Dulehunty is now the operator and station agent at Instanter, seven miles from this place. John's many friends will be glad to hear of his promotion.

Wm. Widel, the *Grit* agent in this place, came very near having his right leg cut off between the bumpers of two coal dumps, the other day. He is pretty badly used up.

The management of the W. N. Y. & P. R. R. are deserving of credit for making the morning and evening trains on the Clermont branch a passenger train instead of a local freight as heretofore.

Instanter is the name of the first station on the new road, seven miles from Clermont. The place is just now having a boom. Mr. H. Schimmelling is moving his large saw mill here from Burning Well; the Wilcox Tanning Co. is building a large tannery that will employ 200 or 300 people; a new station, two large stores and a number of houses are in course of erection, and we hear of several three and four thousand dollar residences to be erected this summer. A large hotel will be put up this fall. There is some talk of Dr. A. K. Corbin, of Wilcox moving here.

The Odd Fellowship sermon preached in the Union church at this place, some time ago, was repeated by the pastor in the church at Colegrove on Sunday last, by request of the Odd Fellows' Lodge of Clermont and the people of Colegrove, and was very largely attended by members of the order and others from Smethport, Clermont, Colegrove and vicinity. I am positively informed that the reverend gentleman's very able address, based as it was on facts and figures, gave general satisfaction. The Odd Fellows present wish me to express their thanks to the ladies of Colegrove for the very handsome and appropriate motto "Welcome I. O. O. F." which adorned the wall back of the pulpit, and other artistic decorations. Mrs. J. G. Hann and Mrs. Colegrove are deserving of special mention and thanks. The preaching was good; the music and singing most excellent, and we all went home very much pleased with our trip and the way we were entertained at Colegrove. The Clermont Lodge will no doubt pass suitable resolutions of thanks. Your correspondent had the pleasure of shaking hands with H. M. Choate and George King and son from the seat of justice. They, like every one that visits Colegrove for the first time, express surprise at the beauty of its church edifice.

DOOLEY DOOLE.

DON'T fail to look at the Forest City lawn mower before you purchase. They can't be beat. Sprague has them to sell.

NORWICH NOTES.

Mrs. Homer Burlingame of Emporium, was visiting friends on Potato creek last week.

Adam Richey is on the mail route in place of E. Griffith, who has carried the mail for many years.

The Y. W. C. T. U. gave a dime social at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Colegrove on Wednesday evening.

The railroad depot at Colegrove is being rebuilt and is to have a station agent from Holland, N. Y.

By mistake the name of Henry Hammon was omitted from the list of guests and present-givers who attended the golden wedding on June 27th.

With the increasing business on the railroad coming from the Johnsonburg extension and the laying of pipe and emptying of tanks by the N. T. Co., Colegrove is a lively place.

Mrs. William Fulmer of Port Allegany, formerly Miss Effie Sherman of this place, was buried in the cemetery at Colegrove last Saturday afternoon.

On Thursday of last week S. W. Evans took upon himself the yoke of matrimony, being united in marriage to Miss Ella Wright. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride in that place.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Oviatt, Rev. J. G. Hann and wife and some of the other people of Colegrove spent a happy day on Wednesday of last week, in the beautiful forest at the head waters of Potato creek.

We think "One of the Transient Laborers of Norwich" had better look to some of his own statements before he calls other people liars. We would like to have him give us the name of the real estate owner, seventy-two years of age, in Norwich, who voted against the amendment; and if a majority of all the old citizens, of all the young citizens, and two-thirds of the soldiers of Norwich voted against the amendment, how is it that there was only a majority of eight against it in the whole township? As to reading the ten commandments, there are other portions of scripture which we think it would be well for some people to read and ponder, such as "What hast thou done?" "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." "My punishment is greater than I can bear." B. W. H.

A NICE child's suit for $3 at M. Rosenfields, equal to what you would pay $5 for elsewhere.

The Johnsonburg Branch.

The Pennsylvania has leased the Johnsonburg, which runs from Johnsonburg Junction on the Philadelphia & Erie to Clermont. The road has just been completed and is about 20 miles long. The new road will be operated as a part of the middle division, and though it has been leased by the Pennsylvania, it will be under the supervision of the officers of the Philadelphia & Erie.

Several important points at which stations have already been located are Glenhazel, Instanter, and Clermont. This new connection will be used mainly as a feeder in the interest of the Pennsylvania. At the present time Clermont, which is the terminus of the road, has only one railroad, and that is the Buffalo & McKean, which connects with the Western New York & Pennsylvania and the Buffalo & McKean for interchange of traffic. The road will be principally used for the hauling of coal and lumber.—*Buffalo Courier.*

An Outsider's Opinion of Smethport.

Brother Griffith, of the Marion (Indiana county) *Independent*, spent the Fourth with friends in Smethport. From the following, which we find in his last week's paper, it is evident he enjoyed himself while in this "neck of woods": "The editor and his family spent last week visiting friends in Smethport, the county seat of McKean county, and one of the prettiest towns we have ever visited. The trip going and returning through the wild, picturesque country, was a most pleasing one. While there we enjoyed ourselves greatly, angling for the speckled beauties that inhabit the clear, sparkling brooks of that section, and by other means of pleasure. They had a big time there the Fourth, the firemen having the matter in hand. On Tuesday we had the pleasure of attending the Republican county convention and witnessing the unanimous nomination of our friend Hon. L. Rogers, of the MINER, for Treasurer of that county, and as it is a Republican county by a big majority, he is sure of election. We arrived home Monday night greatly pleased and benefitted by the trip.

REMEMBER, M. Rosenfield is here to stay. He receives the latest styles every day—especially in clothing.

Equitable Aid Union.

(From the Kane Leader.)

Deputy Supreme President, G. W. Brown, of Youngsville, Pa., organized Ludlow Union, E. A. U., on Friday evening, June 28, at Ludlow, with 51 applicants for charter, and with the following officers:

Chancellor, J. K. Bates; Advocate, A. W. Vantassel; President, John Gibbs; Vice President, Mrs. Jennie Richardson; Auxiliary, Miss Hannah Nolin; Secretary, Mrs. Millie Bates; Treasurer, Mrs. J. G. Curtis; Accountant, H. H. Curtis; Chaplain, Mrs. C. H. Loucks; Warden, D. G. Curtis; Sentinel, Mrs. A. Cameron; Watchman, P. F. Reardon; Conductor, H. M. Swick; Assistant Conductor, Mrs. H. M. Swick; Trustee, J. G. Curtis; Examining Physician, G. T. Pryor, M. D.; Representative to Grand Union, J. K. Bates; Alternate, P. F. Reardon.

Time of meeting, every Wednesday evening. Place of meeting, Curtis Hall.

This makes 31 Unions in this county. McKean is the only county in the world that has a County Union, where a delegate from each Union is sent to the place named at the last meeting to compare notes every three months. These county meetings are not required by the supreme law, but McKean County Union originated in the fertile brain of John T. Irvine, of Duke Centre, Grand Secretary and Accountant of the Grand Union of Pennsylvania. These meetings have proven the fact that a very pleasant day is spent four times each year by the delegates. Aside from this the order receives fresh impetus at each of these quarterly meetings.

"There was a time when I could not sing." He caught such a cold that he could not sing.

Poor, unfortunate, Batrachian! In what a sad plight he must have been. And yet his misfortune was one that often befalls singers. Many a once tuneful voice among those who belong to the "genus homo" is utterly spoiled by "cold in the head," or on the lungs, or both combined. For the above mentioned "croaker" we are not aware that any remedy was ever devised; but we rejoice to know that all human singers may keep their heads clear and throats in tune by a timely use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, both of which are sold by druggists.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WANTED!

$7,000.00

—ON—

Eldred Borough School Bonds.

To Run from 1 to 20 years.

The Borough has no indebtedness.

Address all correspondence to

F. F. BROWN, Secy.,
ELDRED, PA.

7-52w

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. Enquire at the residence of P. M. Fuller, Green street, Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—A coat maker at the merchant tailoring establishment of H. W. RUBIN, Smethport, Pa. 15-tf.

WANTED—A first-class pant maker at once at H. W. RUBIN'S, Smethport. 15-tf.

WANTED—Ten cords of hemlock bark. Enquire of J. B. WRIGHT, Farmers Valley, Pa. 18-tf.

For Rent.

ONE neat house; supplied with natural gas and city water. Situated on lower Main street, Smethport, Pa. Inquire at store of D. C. YOUNG. 19-tf.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY. Salary and Expenses paid, or Commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age, The C. L. Van Dusen Nursery Co., Geneva, N. Y.

Smethport Planing Mill.

Water Street, Foot of Franklin.

J. BAKER & SONS,

Manufacturers of

WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES

SIDING, CEILING,

Wainscotting, Flooring, Etc., Etc.

CUSTOM WORK

Done in a first-class manner and on short notice.

BUILDERS' MATERIALS.

Builders will do well to call on us for their lumber, as we can furnish all kinds in short order at reasonable prices.

Contractors and Builders.

To this branch of our business we will devote special attention. None but skilled workmen are employed, and we guarantee satisfaction.

FURNITURE!

We have in some Very Fine

Parlor and Bedroom Suits

this week. All new and fresh since the flood.

We will sell you furniture cheaper (quality considered), than Bradford, Olean or Buffalo.

We Pay the Freight

to your nearest station. We also do undertaking and have the finest hearse in the county.

F. A. CARTER, - ELDRED, PA.

1-17-89.

BROWNELL BROS

—IS—

HEADQUARTERS!

—FOR—

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS.
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS
A FULL LINE OF
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS
ETC., ETC.

OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."

Smethport, - Pa.

January 1, 1889.

Wonderful the quantity, and fine,
Of our new and beautiful dry goods line;
Lowest prices beneath the sky,
Latest styles in large supply.
Goods as fine as ever made,
Manufactured for fancy trade;
If you need a dress, or suit
Tis the spot beyond dispute,
Ladies wraps of every kind,
Suited to perplex the mind;
And for gentlemen, hats, shoes or clothes,
Are you going to buy without seeing those?
They are from abroad and tailor made,
Will leave all others far in the shade.
For prices and quality 'tis wonderful too,
But still we think it's the thing to do:
Although we live here in the woods,
We have a wonderful line of goods,
And what is sure, still seldom told,
We've never yet been undersold,
And now that spring is at the door
We invite you all to Stickney's store.

·.· YOUR ·-· FEET ·.·

NEED SOME ATTENTION.

NEW GOODS, NEW STYLES, IN

Fine Foot Wear!

FRENCH CALF, KANGAROO,
PATENT LEATHER,
Lace or Congress, Hand or Machine Sewed,

FOR GENTLEMEN,

—ALSO—

POPULAR SHADES in OOZE CALF and GOAT.

IN LADIES' WEAR,

GLAZE DONGOLA, FRENCH KID, CURACOA KID, HAND WELT, and HAND TURN.

TAN GOAT, OOZE CALF, OXFORD TIES in

Ladies', Misses', and Childrens'.

CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

One Price. | GROVES, | 28 Main St.

BRADFORD PA.

A. T. PALMER,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.

DEALER IN HORSES, Wagons, Carriages, Carts, Harness, Etc.

WATER STREET BARN.

—ALSO—

FEED AND BOARDING STABLE,

BENNETT HOUSE BARN.

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE, SMETHPORT, PA.

Smithville Co. Chautauqua's Media Academy

Near Philadelphia. School Opens Sept. 19th. Yearly Expenses, $500. Quarterly Payments, $125.

DRUGS

PATENT MEDICINES,

School Books, Blank Books.

STATIONERY,

FANCY GOODS.

DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES.

NEWSPAPER AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT THE

DRUG & BOOK STORE

—OF—

A. B. ARMSTRONG,

SMETHPORT, PA.

MANHOOD

NOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

Just published, a new edition of

Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay

on the radical cure of Seminal Weakness or Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Nervousness, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance. A startling statement, proving that the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion may be effectually cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

Specimen of envelope sent free.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO

41 Ann St., New York N. Y. Postoffice Box 456.

Sept. 28-'87-1y.

ATTENTION!

Having taken the agency for the Celebrated

IVERS & POND PIANO,

of Boston, and the

STORY and CLARK ORGAN,

of Chicago, I am prepared to furnish these instruments at manufacturers' prices, (all and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as it will be a waste of time to look elsewhere for goods we sell. We are selling our goods as low as any house west of New York for quality.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa., March 13, 1889.

The Best Meat and Vegetable MARKET!

—IN—

SMETHPORT

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.

—ALSO—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

A FIRST CLASS LINE OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

A Full Line of

CANNED GOODS

Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street. - - Smethport, Pa.

A $60.00 Sewing Machine

For $14.90.

This is the "Ringer Model" Sewing Machine Co's celebrated Ringer patent (self-setting) Equal to any $60 machine manufactured by any Company. Thoroughly well made, warranted for 5 years, (signed and guaranteed by Pres. Sec. and Treasurer) with all the latest improvements, including the celebrated self-threading shuttle and 10 necessary attachments, both for right and left hand work. Sent on 10 days' trial. Don't buy a machine at any price until you see this. Save over $45.00. Also other sewing machines at wonderfully low prices. Send for catalogues.

A. E. REYNOLDS & CO., 111 and 113 State St., Chicago.

9-21-89

Shorthand by Mail in 6 months. Williamsport Pa. Commercial College.

ANY ONE CAN DYE

DIAMOND DYES

A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc.

Any Color

FOR

TEN CENTS

and in many other ways SAVE Money and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy simple quick the colors the BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE DIAMOND PAINTS.

Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper Only 10 Cents.

Baby Portraits.

A Fond Mother's heart the baby portraits from life, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, send free to Mother all over Baby born within a year. Many Rubber Wagon Shapes pictures send at once. Also Baby's name and age.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Cleanse the System

DO IT NOW

With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, all-actually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matter.

Paine's Celery Compound

commands the nerves tones and strengthens digestion, restoring the energies and spirits.

"I have been troubled for some years with a complication of disorders. After trying various remedies, and not finding relief, I tried Paine's Celery Compound. Before taking one bottle I felt the long troublesome symptoms befall to exhaustion, and I can truly say now, that I am a new man. Digestion has improved, and I have gained in flesh and in every other way. I have commenced taking the Compound. Have recommended it to friends, who have taken it with like results."—Mrs. Frances Strasser, Clarksville, Va.

Price $1.00; six for $5.00. At Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

LEONARD & BLAIR,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

CROCKERY, GLASS and STONEWARE HOUSE.

The finest, cheapest and best line of Chinaware, Glassware, Table Furnishing, Table Cutlery Silverware and Bric a Brac in the city. Stock large, new, well-selected and cheap.

-:- GAS FITTINGS AND FIXTURES -:-

of all kinds a specialty. Of these we have as fine a variety as can be found in any city stock.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

No. 66 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

ATTENTION!

I wish to say a few words to my friends and customers. After many years of pleasant dealings with the people of Smethport and vicinity, I deem it my duty to inform them that I am at all times prepared to

MEET -:- COMPETITION

in a business way and on

BUSINESS : PRINCIPLES!

I have in many ways improved my business and am constantly

-:- ADDING TO MY STOCK -:-

so as to make it the leading and reliable Clothing and

Merchant Tailoring Establishment

—OF McKEAN COUNTY.—

I can be found in my store and at all times pleased to see my old and new customers, where they may rely on

FAIR AND HONEST DEALING.

All I want is a call and I will convince you it is to your interest to deal with

RELIABLE : MERCHANTS

and not with temporary dealers or dealers who start in business for a few days, trying to make the public believe they are here to stay, and can save your money by buying of them. It is not so for I can assure each and every one of my customers, and I can prove to them that I have the

LARGEST STOCK

and the FINEST GOODS and the

LOWEST PRICES

in town. All I want is a call and I will convince you

WHAT I SAY IS TRUE

and not simply a trap to get you to buy. Soliciting a call, I am yours truly,

H. W. RUBIN,

The Reliable Clothier and Merchant Tailor, - Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE.

SMETHPORT HOME AGENCY,

HASKILL & BURDICK.

We represent the following

Old and Reliable Companies:

Insurance Co. of North America, Philadelphia the oldest Insurance Co in the world. Assets	$8,436,591
Pennsylvania Fire,	2,890,867
Franklin,	3,181,248
Royal, Liverpool	4,845,195
Fire Insurance Association of London (U. S. Branch)	893,445
Sun, Fire, London	1,838,610
Hanover, New York	2,479,654

Do not obtain Insurance in another State as long as you can get insured at home in as reliable companies as the above.

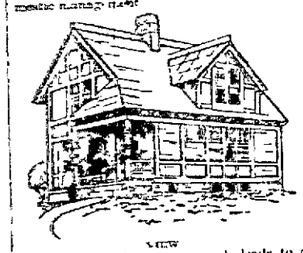
HASKILL & BURDICK,

Bank Building, Main Street, - Smethport, Pa.

A $350 COTTAGE.

A Cheap and Tasteful Home for a Small Family.

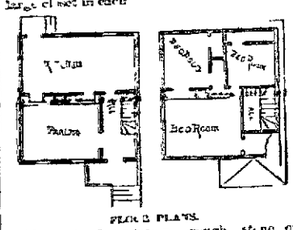
The attractive cottage shown here is taken from an admirable book of designs entitled "Sensible Low Cost Houses," published by the National Architects' Union of 437 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. This cottage has been designed specially for a small family or young couple wishing to build their first home. The exterior effect is spacious, while the interior is arranged with a view to comfort and a small amount of labor in the domestic manager ment.



VIEW.

First story: A square porch leads to a pleasant and well lighted hall on the left of which is the parlor 11x15 feet. The latter, or living room 11x15 feet, extends the width of the house and can be used for both these purposes, or the parlor can be used for a dining and living room. The stairs to the basement lead from the hall.

Second Story.—This floor contains one large bed chamber 12x16 feet, and two small ones, the former 9x10 feet, and 9x12 feet, with a large closet in each.



FLOOR PLANS.

Note.—Lumber, rough stone or brick frame construction first and second stories and gables clapboarded or panel and roof shingled. No art—our space only. Basement under main walls. Price complete, $350.

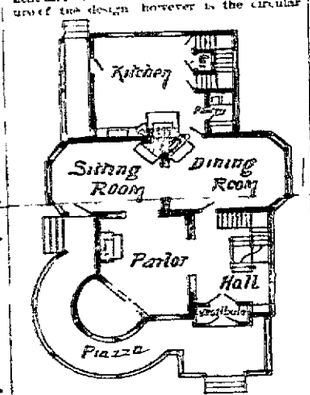
THIS WOULD COST $7,500

Design for a Spacious and Convenient Modern House.

The accompanying illustrations from The Builder Globe show the first and second floor plans and perspective view of a modern dwelling of rather unique design. The cut up of the room is quite simple, yet affords

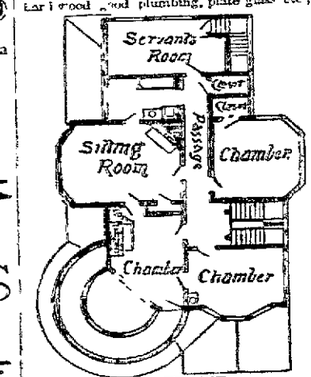
VIEW.

good accommodation. All the principal rooms on the first floor may be thrown into one large apartment by means of the sliding doors. Several open grates afford heat and ventilation. The commanding feature of the design however is the circular



GROUND FLOOR.

tower with its concentric piazza and hall over. The house is 69 feet long and 41 feet wide in extreme. The first story is 10 feet high and the second story 9 feet 6 inches. Will finish in finish of modest pattern, some hard wood, good plumbing, plate glass etc., and would cost about $7,500 to build in the vicinity of Boston. The plans were prepared by Architect Frank L. Smith, 22 School street, Boston.



SECOND STORY.

It has been calculated that the railroads of the world are worth nearly three hundred billions of dollars or about one-tenth of the wealth of the civilized nations, or more than one-quarter of their invested capital. At that rate all the ready money in the world would buy only about one-third of them.

STARTLING notes from the use of Dennis' Bohemic remedies, which are on sale at the old reliable Dr. McCoy drug store, which has been replenished from headquarters, all first-class and warranted to give better satisfaction than any other medicine.

Mrs. H. F. Hall of Smethport, says "My health was very poor, my blood very bad and my face covered with red spots. Since I have used four bottles of Dennis' blood remedies and his medicated soap and salve, I am very much better and will take four more bottles to complete the work."

A daughter of Mrs. M. J. Sturdivant, of Smethport, "I had heart trouble, dyspepsia of the worst kind, was nervous, had no appetite, couldn't sleep, but since using three bottles of Dennis blood, liver and kidney cure, I can now eat pickles, pork, cabbage, or any kind of food and sleep well. I will take two bottles more."

An old lady 79 years of age, from Sandy's Bend, Pa., now visiting Eldred, says "I have suffered many years with a scrofula sore leg, and spent lots of money in doctoring with the best physicians in the state, I never got any permanent benefit until since I have commenced using Dr. Dennis' Vegetable Compound Soap and Balm of Gilead Salve. I am rapidly recovering my health. I cannot recommend his medicine too much. Before I commenced, I could neither eat or sleep, but now I can eat any kind of food and get my regular rest."

Mr. M. A. Lillibridge of Port Allegany, Pa., says "I had no faith in your medicine until since I have been using Dennis' blood medicine. It has cleansed my blood and my health is very much better. I think it is a great medicine. Recommend its use to all persons as a first rate article."

SUBSCRIBE for the MINER.

SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

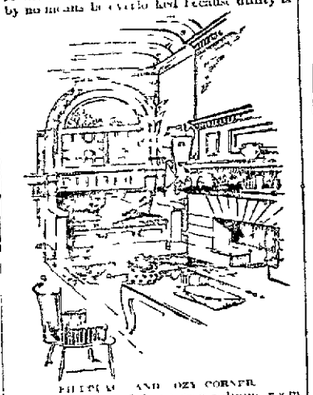
How to Decorate and Furnish a Home Tastefully.

The Art Amateur, which is considered pretty good authority in such matters by people of taste, is running an excellent series of articles on House Decoration and Furniture, from Nos. 10 of which the following is taken:

The great temptation now is to over decorate. Even in houses of many rooms of ample size one can easily produce the effect of overcrowding while in the small apartments economical in large cities it is very difficult to avoid it.

I never saw the decorator suffered from an embarrassment of riches. The temptation to use all the devices at hand is often too great. He will set and not unfrequently panel walls with carved pilasters, wooden ceilings with heavy transverse rafters, tapestries, rugs, for a brac, stained glass and all the rest of it, play a prominent part in helping to disfigure and distort many a small room that by judicious treatment might have been cozy, artistic and above all habitable. We many have too many rugs on the floor, too many portieres and scarfs, too much bric-a-brac, in other words too much decorative bric-a-brac and decorative.

The primal use of an apartment must always be remembered. If it is only for the display of a collection of objects, then the name of a museum is not objectionable. But if it is meant for dining, reading or sleeping in then the comfort of the occupants should be the first consideration and beauty need be but the second. Nothing should be sacrificed to beauty that destroys utility as by no means is everything lovely because useful.



FIREPLACE AND COZY CORNER.

I have seen a dining room in which the buffet and other necessary furniture for the display of silver and glassware gave the effect of a shop and I have seen others where a much greater amount seemed entirely appropriate and tasteful.

The same may be said of collections of curios far over the line. If arranged merely for show to impress the beholder the intention is always evident but the collector rarely gives a thought to the fitness of things, his treasures is the less for small points of view. The temptation to fill a moderately large room is perhaps natural but our small apartments have learned in fact witness not only to the embarrassment of visitors in trying to crowd in between pieces of furniture but to the thought and fastidiousness and taste that might have given beautiful results. Arm chairs entirely upholstered may become ideal but if we happen to have a tiny room and need several chairs we had better overcome our yearning for luxury as customers with good taste and content ourselves with simpler forms.

Nothing can be more luxurious than a spacious lounge covered with a Turkish rug and piled high with a thorough supply of soft cushions. But it takes up room. Now we must consider if the space at our disposal is sufficient or large enough for it to show up our lounge even if we are fortunate enough to own it. If the space at our command is not sufficient to display it well the lounge will look like a huge sofa and turn it into a mere sofa. In many houses it will be found impossible to have a lounge and will be left altogether in favor of more than one luxurious chair. There is no place than the luxurious chair. There is no thing so true to our ease as a small salon better than any other people. They are by precedent and I take a style, say Louis XV or Louis XVI but what could be better?

Let us give originality if it only means doing what has not been done before, for the obvious reason that it is undesirable. Old plans to copy and no one ought to copy what others have done. Conventional and hackneyed French styles are of no scope for the designer now I think this is so. Working under the strict limitations of a historical style is, perhaps a hard task but a designer of force and culture will declare to some extent his individuality. But always subordinate to the general artistic effects of this style in all its ways.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BOOK SHELVES.

We have seen, that most delightful form of decoration is rapidly becoming abused. That carving vulgarizes beyond a point of furniture that half the amount of ornament well applied would have enriched. A carved border or moulding around the edge of each shelf is a fine effect but I have lately seen tables the entire tops of which have been carved. Now a table is meant to put books and the carving completely spoils its use for it besides defeating its purpose of decoration for the decorated edge would be rendered by contrast with the plain centre.

Care must be taken not to have the carving so sharply carved down to a perfectly smooth finish as if the background should be irregular and be speckled all over with little holes. The beauty of carving is to feel the touch of the carver to see a tool mark here and there. It is well to use carving rather sparingly. Rather have a little and have it good than much that is second rate. In some of the Italian work nearly every moulding was carved and panel carved. But in the best examples the sawing is judiciously disposed and some plain surface used as a foil.

The cuts accompanying this are from the same publication. The Art Amateur, and give excellent hints as to the treatment of bookshelves and a fireplace with cozy corner.

That Cantankerous Old Woman.

Described in the nursery ballad, who lived upon nothing but victuals and drink, and yet would never be quiet," was undoubtedly troubled with chronic indigestion. Her victuals, like those of many other elderly persons whose digestive powers have become impaired, didn't agree with her. This was before the era of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, or some one of her numerous friends and relatives would undoubtedly have persuaded her to try the great specific for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. This would have been a measure of self protection on their part for she would soon have been cured and ceased to disturb them with her clamor. The most obstinate cases of indigestion, with its attendant heartburn, flatulence, constant uneasiness of the stomach and of the nerves, are completely overcome by this sovereign remedy. Chills and fever and bilious remittent, rheumatism and kidney troubles are also relieved by it.

No Quackery in This.

Having secured the agency of the celebrated Sterville magnetic mineral water I am now prepared to handle it in large or small quantities. It has been thoroughly demonstrated that it is a sure cure for all rheumatic pains and kidney diseases, besides being one of the greatest aperients and bowel regulators known. It has also cured some of the worst cases of paralysis on record.

Orders left at the Grand Central Hotel, Smethport, will be promptly attended to.

F. N. TAYLOR.

Smethport, Dec. 3, 1888.

☞ English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Every bottle warranted. For sale by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

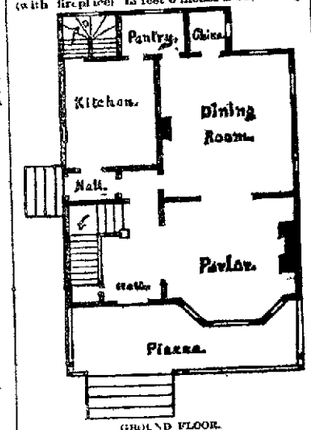
ATTRACTIVE FRAME RESIDENCE.

Its Cost Is Moderate and Its Arrangement Convenient.

The following plans are taken from The National Building Plan association's book, Artistic Homes, published at Detroit. The memoranda accompanying them are as follows:

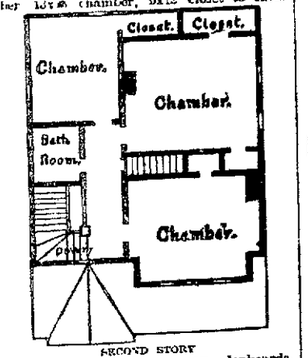
VIEW.

One and a Half Story Frame Residence—Post foundation. Height of stories in the clear—First 10 feet, second, 9 feet. Cellar, 6 feet 6 inches. First story contains parlor (with fireplace) 13 feet 6 inches x 14, dining



GROUND FLOOR.

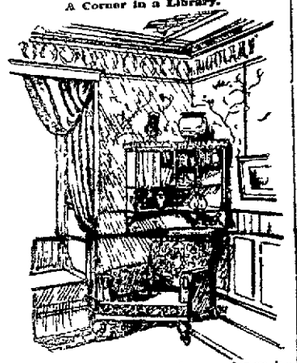
room 11 feet 6 inches x 10, kitchen, 10x12, pantry 5x8, china closet, 4x5, front hall, 10x12, back hall 4x5, front and back stairs. Second story contains chamber, 12x14, chamber 10x8, chamber, 9x12, closet to each.



SECOND STORY.

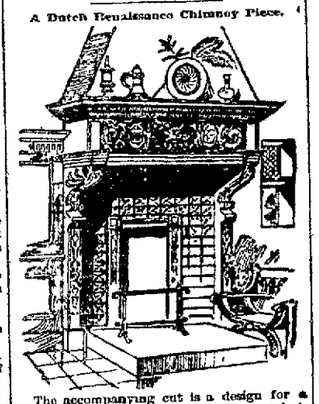
Bathroom 5x8. First story, clapboards, second story shingles. Estimated cost of building $1,800.

A Corner in a Library.



The accompanying cut from a design by J. P. M. Hugh in The Decorator and Furnisher shows a corner in a library, which, while not remarkable in arrangement, at the same time presents a pleasing and homelike picture. Nothing can be more depressing than the sight of bare walls and empty corners. It is a very easy task to place a corner in the position as seen in the cut, and it adds wonderfully to the appearance of the room. The judicious placing of a few rugs, portieres easy chairs and pictures, and voila! the room is finished.

A Dutch Renaissance Chimney Piece.



The accompanying cut is a design for a Dutch renaissance chimney piece, and is taken from Franz Ewerbeck's "The Renaissance in Belgium and Holland." It is one of the most artistic creations that we have lately seen.

On the other side every ornament usually made in other stones is now seen in garnets; brooches, pins, bracelets, combs, earrings, rings and necklaces, and in addition, very pretty picture frames in various sizes.

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

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Wholesale and Retail

—FOR A—

Nice Piece of Meat

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

—FOR—

FRESH & SALT FISH

—AND FOR ALL—

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

I will also pay the highest price for

STOCK AND HIDES

☞ CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF. ☜

Nearly opposite Catholic church, Main st.

J. F. ROONEY.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 186 Fulton Street, N. Y.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., July 4, 1888. The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.. Gentlemen—Five years ago I was so unfortunate as to contract an extremely bad case of blood poison. My bones ached and my muscles began to swell and contract. I was under treatment of the physician from the race track of the disease until I found that he could do me no good. Then, through the advice of a friend I began taking S. S. S. Your medicine seemed to have an immediate effect. I took six bottles, and to day am sound and well. That was two or three years ago, but I have seen no evidence of the return of the disease, and I take this opportunity to thank you for what it has done for me. It saved my life. You can refer any one to me. R. M. WALL.

FARMERSVILLE, TEX., June 22 1888. The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta Ga. Gentlemen—The mother of a member of our firm was afflicted with a cancerous sore on her face for about twenty years. During the past few years it troubled her very much by continued pain and itching. She used your S. S. S., and the sore has disappeared and is apparently well. Should it break out again, will advise you. Very truly, PENDLETON, YEARLY & RILEY, Druggists.

Three books mailed free on application. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta Ga.

THE STERLING CO.

Manufacturers of

THE STERLING PIANOS,

WHICH FOR

Quality of Tone, Beauty of Design, FINISH and adaptability for standing in Tune have no equal.

Every Piano Warranted for Five Years

And satisfaction guaranteed to every purchaser.

Also Manufacture the WORLD-RENOWNED

STERLING ORGAN

Factories, Derby, Conn.

April 15, 89-6m

JAMES McNULTY

Merchant Tailor!

EAST MAIN STREET,

Smethport, Pa.

A fine lot of samples kept constantly on hand. Mr. McNulty's reputation as a superior cutter and artist is well established. Good suits for 24 and 25 dollars and job work promptly attended to. Give him a call.

Smethport, April 16, 1886.-tf

Western New York & Pa. R. R.

(FORMERLY N. Y. & P. R. R.)

Time Table in effect Nov. 4, 1888.

NORTH'D	BUFFALO DIVISION	S'TH'D
P m	a m	
5 00	7 00	Lv. Bradford Ar.
7 00	9 25	Ar. Buffalo Lv.
6 15	8 45	East Aurora
5 27	7 55	Ellicott
5 20	7 51	Arcade
4 55	7 33	Franklinville
4 33	7 07	Humble
4 03	6 40	Olean
p m.	a. m.	a. m.
2 17	5 15	Lv. Bradford Ar.
7 50	10	Ar. Lv.

p m	a m	
3 40	10 02	Portville
3 25	10 10	Eldred
3 18	10 03	Larrabees
2 54	9 40	Port Allegany
1 20	8 35	Emporium
p m	a m	Lv. Ar.

a m		Lv. Ar.
9 30		Harrisburg
11 20		Philadelphia
8 00		New York
11 30		Baltimore
10 00		Washington
p m		Lv. Ar.

Trains arriving at Buffalo 8 a m and 1 05 p m, leaving Buffalo 5.40 p m run daily. Trains leave Buffalo 9.00 a m and 6.00 p m, arriving at Franklinville 12 m and 7.00 p m. Leave Franklinville 12 m and 7.00 p m, arriving at Buffalo at 7 45 a m and 1.05 p m.

Narrow Gauge Division. Trains run daily except Sunday as follows: Leave Bradford 6.00 p m, Kane 7.55, 9.00 p m. Leave Kane for Bradford 6.55, 11 44 a m and 3.40 p m. Leave Olean 9 15 a m, 7.55, 9.00 p m. Leave Bradford 6.55, 11 44 a m and 3.40 p m. Arrive Olean 9 45 a m, 7.10, 8.30 p m. Leave Bradford 7.00 a m, 2.00, 7.00, 9.15 p m. Arrive Kane 7.00, 12.15 p m and 3.50, 8.10 p m.

Pullman Sleeping Cars between Buffalo and Philadelphia, connecting with Pullman cars leaving Buffalo at 3.30 p m arriving Buffalo at 9.00 a m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from Company's Agents.

GEO. B. CATCHELL, Gen'l Sup't.

J. A. FELLOWS, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

No. 84, Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.

CLERMONT BRANCH.

Northw'd	STATIONS	S'th'd
P M	A M.	A M.
5.10	9.55 ..Ar. Larrabees Lv.	11 45
3.00	9 10 .. Frisbee ..	10 00
2.45	9 00 Farmers Valley ..	9 45
2.34	8 50 Smethport ..	9 35
2.13	8 30 Crosby ..	9 15
2.08	8 10 ..Colegrove ..	9 10
2.03	8 00 .. Hamlin ..	9 05
1.55	7 50 Lv.. Clermont..Ar	8 55
P M	A M.	A M.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Direct lines between the Bradford oil fields of Mc Kean county, Clarion and Bakerstown oil fields.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MARCH 11, 1889.

WESTWARD		EASTWARD
p m	a m	STATIONS
5 30	11 35	9 20 ar Bradford Lv.
4 54	11 01	8 55 .. Kenzua Jct ..
4 45	10 50	8 47 .. Row City ..
4 24	10 25	8 28 .. Buxford ..
4 15	10 20	8 24 Duke Centre ..
4 05	10 05	8 05 .. Eldred ..
		R. B. & K. R. R.
3 32	9 22	.. Ceres ..
3 20	9 07	.. Little Genesee ..
3 00	8 50	Lv. Bolivar Ar.
2 35	8 30	.. Allentown ..
2 05	8 00	lv Wellsville ar
p m	p m	a m

p m	p m	a m	
7 10	2 15	5 40	ar Bradford Jct. Lv.
6 55	2 00	5 25	Kinzua Junction
6 29	1 33	4 58	.. Aiken ..
6 24	1 22	4 52	.. Davis ..
6 18	1 30	4 50	.. Simpson ..
6 10	1 20	4 35	.. Ormsby ..
5 40	12 40	4 05	Smethport ..
5 40	12 00	4 05	Mt. Jewett ..
5 05	11 00	3 20	.. Kane ..

	p m.	P & W. R. R.	a m
..	4 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
..	4 19	Sheffield Junc.	12 05
..	12 25	Clarion	7 15
..	11	Foxburg	3 10
..	10 50	Parker	3 41
..	10 24	Petrolia	4 2
..	9 58	Millerstown	4 50
..	9 21	Butler	5 20
..	8 40	Callery Junc	6 00
..	8 11	Bakerstown	6 29
..	7 30	Allegheny	7 5
..	p m		a m

JNO. C. McKINNA, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 18, 1888.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8.30, a m.—Day Express, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p m, New York 9.35 p m, Baltimore 6.45 p m, Washington 7.40 p m. Pullman Parlor car through from Warren and Oil City to Philadelphia.

9 15 p m.—Erie Mail, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6.25 a m, New York 11.30 a m, Baltimore 8.15 a m, Washington 9.30 a m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and through passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

10.30 a m.—Erie Mail, daily for Erie and intermediate stations with through Pullman Palace car and through passenger coaches to Erie.

8.20 p m.—Niagara Express, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Kane.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia 7.40 a m, Baltimore 7.50 a m, daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction 6.40 p m, with through Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p m, Philadelphia 11.25 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore 11.20 p m, daily, arriving at Emporium June. 10.30 a m, with through Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager. J. E. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

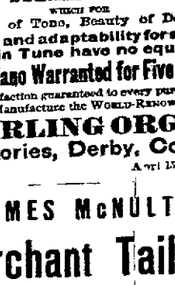
COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taken effect Monday, June 20 1887.

AR. EAST'D.	STATIONS.	LV. WEST'D.
P M.	A M.	P M.
8 27	1 23	Coudersport	6 00
8 4	1 02	Hammonds	5 04
8 38	1 14	Fish Basket	5 07
8 16	1 10	Olmsted	5 12
8 11	1 05	Nelsons	5 18
8 03	12 57	Knowlton	5 25
7 57	12 50	Roulette	5 32
7 52	12 45	Pomeroy Bridge	5 38
7 43	12 36	Bartville	5 48
7 32	12 24	Coleman	6 00
7 27	12 18	Port Allegany	6 05

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

HIRES



ROOT BEER

One 25c. Package makes 5 gallons of a most Delicious, Sparkling, Temperance Beverage. Strengthens and Purifies the Blood. Its purity and delicacy of flavor commend it to all. Sold everywhere.

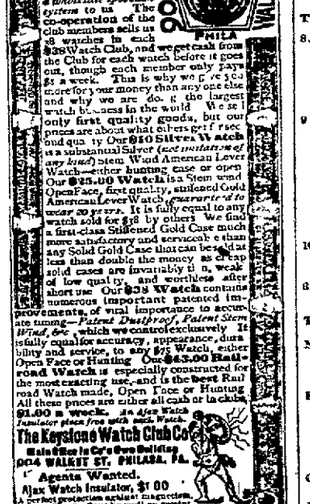
TRY IT.

If your Druggist or Grocer should not have it in store, ask them to get it for you, or send 25c. to the manufacturer and you will receive it by mail.

CHARLES E. HIRES,

117 & 119 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

April 5, 89-6t.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$1.00 A WEEK
Club System
while as convenient to the buyer as any Installment system, is not a wholesale 'get cash' system to us. The Co-operation of the 52 members sells us 52 watches each week, and we get cash from each member every week for each watch before it goes out, though each member only pays $1 a week. This is why we get $25 watches for your money than any one else, and why we are doing the largest watch business in the world. We sell only first quality goods, but our second quality Silver Watch, guaranteed to wear 20 years, is fully equal to any watch sold for $18 by others. We find a first-class Stem Wind Gold Case much more satisfactory and serviceable than any Solid Gold Case that can be sold at less than double the money, as the solid cases are invariably thin, weak, of low quality, and worthless after short use. Our $25 Watch contains numerous important patented improvements, of vital importance to accurate timing—Patent Dustproof, Patent Stem Wind, &c., which we control exclusively, and fully equalizes accuracy, appearance, durability and service, to any $75 Watch, either Open Face or Hunting. Our $25.00 Railroad Watch is especially constructed for the most exacting use, and is the best Railroad Watch made, Open Face or Hunting. All these prices are either all cash or in clubs. $1.00 a week. 24 page Watch Catalogue and Jewelers' price list sent free upon application. Mention this paper when you write.
The Keystone Watch Club Co.
Main Office in Co's Own Building
904 WALNUT ST., PHILADA., PA.
Agents Wanted.
Ajax Watch Insulator, $1 00
A perfect protection against magnetism. Fitting Watch Case by mail 10 cents extra. Sent by mail on receipt of price. ☞ We refer to any Commercial Agency.

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IN POTS

½ & 1 Pint, Quart & Gallon

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The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with

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